



RIDE THRILLING WESTERN TRAILS WITH THE **VIGILANTE**



10c

52 BIG
PAGES

ACTION COMICS

NO.158 JULY

How did
SUPERMAN
get his
super-powers?
WHAT IS HIS ONE
VULNERABLE SPOT?

You'll find the answers in
SUPERMAN'S PERSONAL ALBUM

when you read--
**"The Kid From
Krypton!"**





INVULNERABLE TO EVERY ORDINARY FORCE OR WEAPON ON EARTH IS SUPERMAN! BLASTING EXPLOSIVES, LIGHTNING BOLTS, RAGING FLAMES AND CRUSHING WEIGHTS --- NONE OF THESE MENACES CAN HARM THE MIGHTY MAN OF STEEL! BUT THERE IS ONE THING FROM OUTSIDE EARTH THAT CAN PARALYZE HIM, AND THAT IS THE DEADLY SUBSTANCE KRYPTONITE! WHY CAN THESE FRAGMENTS FROM A LONG DEAD WORLD RENDER SUPERMAN HELPLESS? THE ANSWER GOES BACK TO THE ORIGIN OF SUPERMAN, WHEN HE WAS...

"THE KID FROM KRYPTON!"

IN AN ASTRONOMICAL OBSERVATORY, HIGH ABOVE A MOUNTAIN-TOP...

A BIG METEOR IS RUSHING TOWARD EARTH! IT'LL HIT IN AN HOUR AT THIS LATITUDE AND LONGITUDE!

THAT'S THE TOWN OF SMITHVILLE! I'LL SEND A WARNING MESSAGE AT ONCE!



PRESENTLY, IN THE DAILY PLANET OFFICE IN METROPOLIS, THE TELETYPE CHATTERS THE DREAD NEWS...

"SMITHVILLE WARNED TO EVACUATE! TOWN WILL BE DESTROYED BY METEOR!" HMM... SUPERMAN COULD SAVE THE TOWN, IF HE ONLY KNEW!

THERE'S ONLY A LITTLE TIME BUT I'LL TRY TO FIND HIM, LOIS!



ON THE ROOF, CLARK KENT SOON "FINDS" SUPERMAN -- FOR CLARK KENT IS THE MAN OF STEEL!

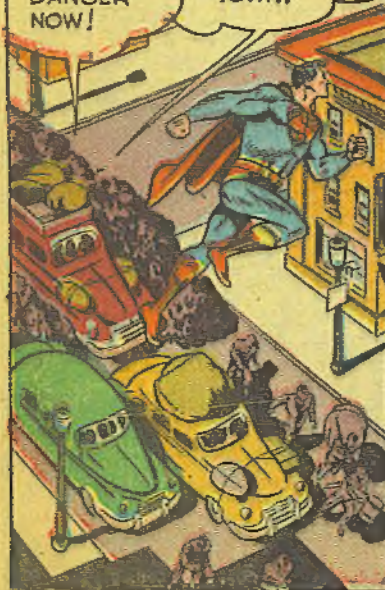


AT SUPER-SPEED, I SHOULD REACH SMITHVILLE BEFORE THE METEOR STRIKES!

AS THE PANIC-STRICKEN RESIDENTS FLEE THEIR DOOMED TOWN, A MIGHTY GUARDIAN APPEARS!

IT'S SUPERMAN! THERE'S NO DANGER NOW!

HE'LL KEEP THE METEOR FROM HITTING THE TOWN!



BUT WHEN SUPERMAN, HIGH IN THE SKY, FINDS AND SWOOPS TOWARD THE FALLING METEOR, A MYSTERIOUS FORCE SUDDENLY RENDERERS HIM POWERLESS...

FEEL HELPLESS... GROGGY... THIS WHOLE METEOR MUST BE OF PURE KRYPTONITE! ITS RAYS... HAVE... PARALYZED ME...



I'M UNABLE TO MOVE! IT'LL HIT THE TOWN AND I CAN DO NOTHING!



WHY HAS THIS STRANGE SUBSTANCE FROM SPACE, KRYPTONITE, A BALEFUL INFLUENCE ON SUPERMAN? THE ANSWER IS IN THE STORY OF SUPERMAN'S ORIGIN!

AND THAT ORIGIN WAS ON ANOTHER PLANET THAT ONCE EXISTED FAR FROM EARTH-- THE GREAT PLANET KRYPTON!



ON KRYPTON LIVED A GREAT PEOPLE, PHYSICALLY PERFECT AND OF IMMENSE INTELLIGENCE AND SCIENCE!

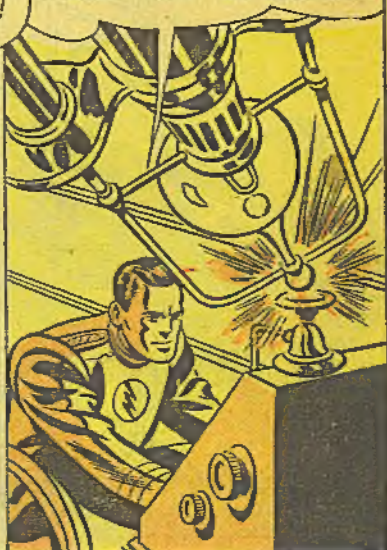
MY STUDIES OF THE DISTANT PLANET **EARTH** SHOW THAT ITS GRAVITY IS SO WEAK ONE OF US COULD MOVE MOUNTAINS AND FLY IN THE AIR THERE!

TRULY, THAT MUST BE A PUNY PLANET!



THEN, ONE DAY, FROM INSIDE KRYPTON CAME A RUMBLE OF MIGHTY FORCES! JOR-EL, BRILLIANT SCIENTIST, HAD LONG STUDIED THE PHENOMENON!

THESE INSTRUMENTS PROVE THAT WHAT I HAVE LONG SUSPECTED IS TRUE! I MUST WARN THE COUNCIL!



PRESENTLY...

THE END OF OUR WORLD IS NEAR! KRYPTON HAS A CORE OF **URANIUM**, WHOSE CHAIN-REACTIONS WILL SOON REACH A CRITICAL POINT! THEN OUR PLANET WILL EXPLODE LIKE A GIANT ATOM-BOMB!

NO-NO! IT'S IMPOSSIBLE!



I TELL YOU, IT'S TRUE! OUR ONLY HOPE IS TO BUILD ROCKET-SHIPS AND MIGRATE TO A WORLD SIMILAR TO OURS, LIKE EARTH!

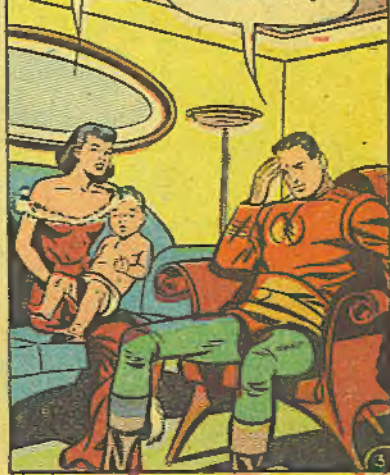
YOUR MIND HAS BECOME UNBALANCED, JOR-EL! LEAVE US!

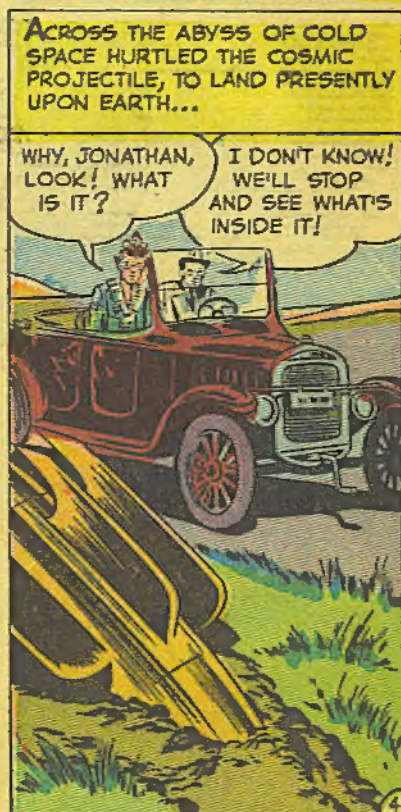
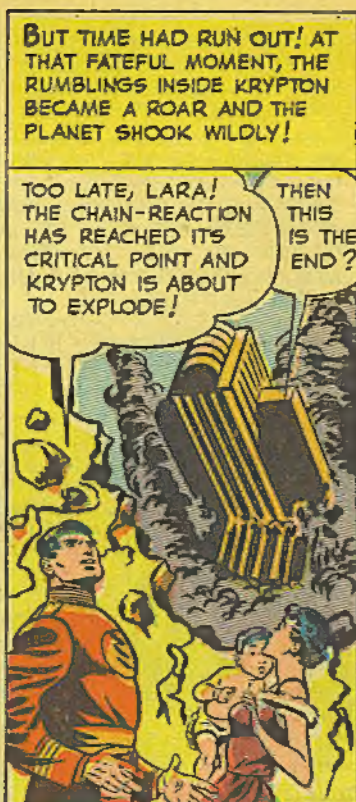
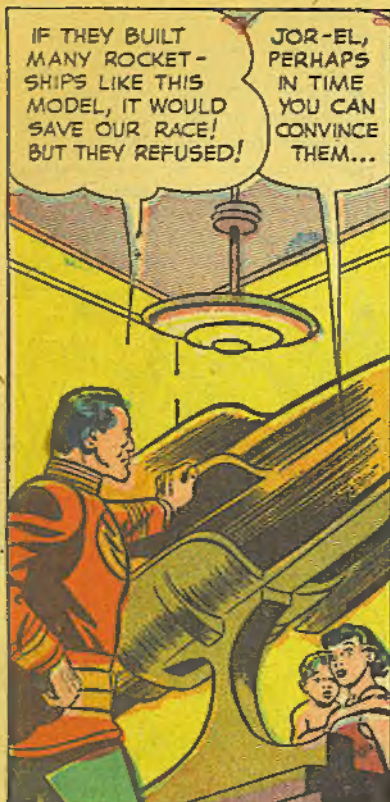


JOR-EL'S WARNING WAS REJECTED BY THE PEOPLE, TOO! AS THE OMINOUS RUMBLINGS GREW EVER LOUDER, HE RETURNED IN DEFEAT TO HIS WIFE, LARA...

BUT WHY, WHY WOULDN'T THE PEOPLE BELIEVE?

MEN OFTEN REJECT A TRUTH THAT IS TOO TERRIBLE TO FACE! THEY ARE AFRAID TO BELIEVE!





AS JONATHAN KENT AND HIS WIFE REMOVED THE WAILING INFANT THEY FOUND IN THE TINY CYLINDER, THE CRAFT'S METAL, ALIEN TO EARTH'S ATMOSPHERE, BURST INTO FLAME!

WHY, IT'S BURNING UP!
WE'LL HAVE NOTHING
TO PROVE OUR STORY!

WE'LL TELL THE COUNTY
OFFICIALS WE FOUND
AN ABANDONED BABY,
JONATHAN, AND ADOPT
IT FOR OUR OWN!



IT WAS ONLY GRADUALLY THAT THE KENTS LEARNED OF THE STRANGE POWERS OF THEIR FOSTER SON, WHOM THEY HAD NAMED CLARK...

MILK!

LOOK, LITTLE
CLARK HAS
SUPER-STRENGTH
HE'S HOLDING UP
THE REFRIGER-
ATOR!

AND WE'VE ALREADY
FOUND HE HAS
X-RAY VISION AND
AN INVULNERABLE
BODY! WE MUST
KEEP HIS POWERS
A SECRET...



YEARS LATER, WHEN CLARK KENT WAS A GROWN MAN...

CLARK, YOUR SUPER-POWERS
MADE YOU A CHAMPION OF
RIGHT AS **SUPERBOY**! NOW
YOU MUST CONTINUE YOUR
ROLE AS **SUPERMAN**-- BUT
ALWAYS KEEP YOUR TRUE
IDENTITY HIDDEN!

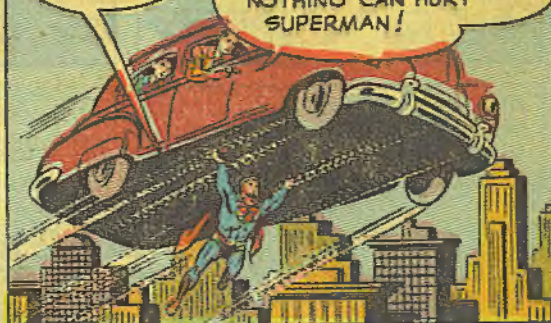
I WILL! I'LL KEEP
ON WEARING THESE
GLASSES AND APPEAR
TIMID, SO NO ONE
WILL GUESS MY
SECRET!



AND IN THE DAYS THAT FOLLOWED, THE ENTIRE UNDERWORLD WAS TO LEARN OF SUPERMAN'S INVULNERABILITY...

I'LL GIVE YOU
A LIFT--TO
JAIL!

WHAT'S THE USE OF
SHOOTING AT HIM?
BULLETS, GAS, KNIVES--
NOTHING CAN HURT
SUPERMAN!



BUT FINALLY, CRIMINALS FOUND A WEAPON AGAINST THE MAN OF STEEL! A STRANGE BIT OF MINERAL THAT HAD FALLEN ON EARTH FROM SPACE!

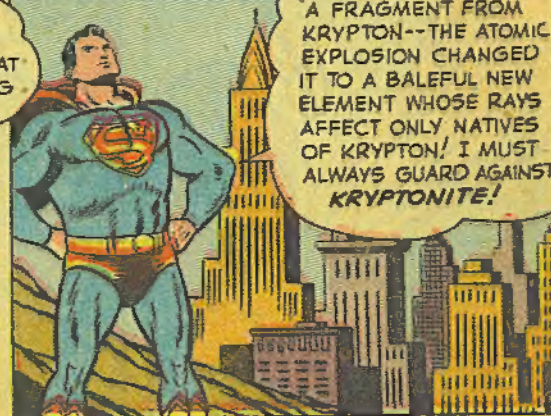
WE'VE FOUND HIS
WEAK SPOT! SEE,
THAT STUFF KNOCKS
HIM COLD BUT DOESN'T
AFFECT US!

IF I CAN MELT THE ACID-
FLASK WITH X-RAY VISION,
IT'LL BURN A HOLE AND THAT
MINERAL THAT'S PARALYZING
ME WILL DROP THROUGH!



ALTHOUGH SUPERMAN'S STRATAGEM SAVED HIM THEN, HE REALIZED THE MENACE OF THIS STRANGE SUBSTANCE...

THAT MINERAL WAS
A FRAGMENT FROM
KRYPTON--THE ATOMIC
EXPLOSION CHANGED
IT TO A BALEFUL NEW
ELEMENT WHOSE RAYS
AFFECT ONLY NATIVES
OF KRYPTON! I MUST
ALWAYS GUARD AGAINST
KRYPTONITE!



BUT NOW A WHOLE METEOR-
MASS OF KRYPTONITE HAS
PLUNGED TO EARTH, PARALYZING
SUPERMAN AND HURLING DOWN
TO DESTROY SMITHVILLE!

I FELL OUTSIDE
IT'S INFLUENCE--
I'M REVIVING!
BUT IT'LL HIT THE
TOWN IN A MOMENT!

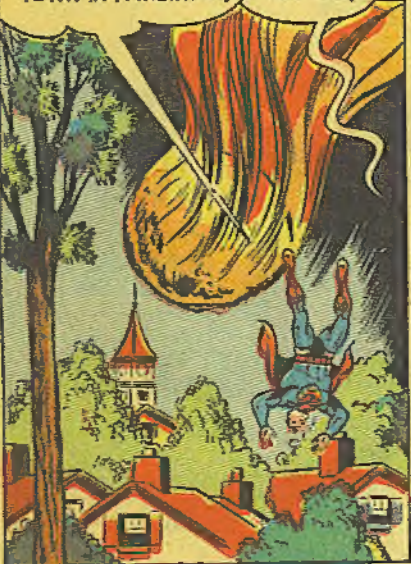
SUPERMAN'S
FAILED!
THE METEOR'S
GOING TO
HIT US!

IN THE NEXT SECOND, THE
REVIVED MAN OF STEEL
SEIZES A BOULDER, HURLS
IT LIKE A SUPER-BOWLING
BALL...

...AND SCORES A PERFECT
STRIKE!

SUPERMAN
KNOCKED IT
ASIDE WITH
THAT BOULDER!
WE'RE SAVED!

BUT HE COULDN'T
APPROACH THAT
METEOR HIM-
SELF! WHY,
THAT METEOR
MUST BE
KRYPTONITE!
THE ONLY THING
THAT'S TOO MUCH
FOR SUPERMAN!



AND AS THE DEFLECTED METEOR,
CRASHES HARMLESSLY OUTSIDE
SMITHVILLE...

...AN EXCITED CROOK
SEES HIS GREAT CHANCE!

I TELL YOU, KORREL,
I'M SURE IT'S
KRYPTONITE! IT
PARALYZED HIM
WHEN HE GOT
NEAR IT!

YOU STAY
THERE, WALTERS--
WE'LL COME UP
AT ONCE FROM
METROPOLIS!

AWARE OF THE POWER OF
KRYPTONITE AGAINST SUPERMAN,
KANE KORREL, RACKET BOSS,
ACTS SWIFTLY!

IF THAT METEOR IS
KRYPTONITE, WE CAN MAKE
MILLIONS! WE CAN SELL BITS
OF IT TO EVERY CROOK
IN METROPOLIS!

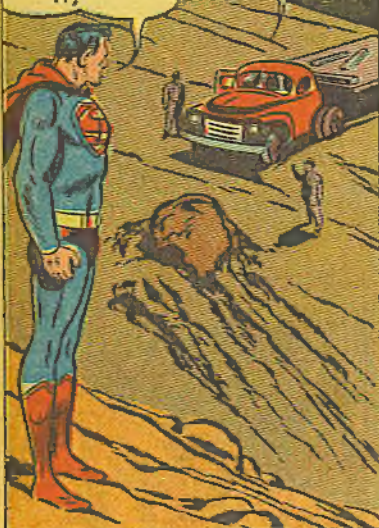
SURE--WITH IT,
THEY CAN ALL
DEFY SUPERMAN!



SOON, AS SUPERMAN TRIES TO SOLVE A BAFFLING PROBLEM...

I CAN'T GO NEAR THAT KRYPTONITE METEOR, YET I MUST GET RID OF IT-- BUT-- WHAT'S THIS? SOMEONE HAS COME **AFTER** IT!

LOAD THE METEOR ON THE TRUCK, BOYS! SUPERMAN CAN'T BOTHER US!



IN A FEW MOMENTS...

CROOKS WOULD WANT THAT KRYPTONITE TO USE AGAINST ME! I'VE GOT TO FIND SOME WAY TO TAKE IT FROM THEM!

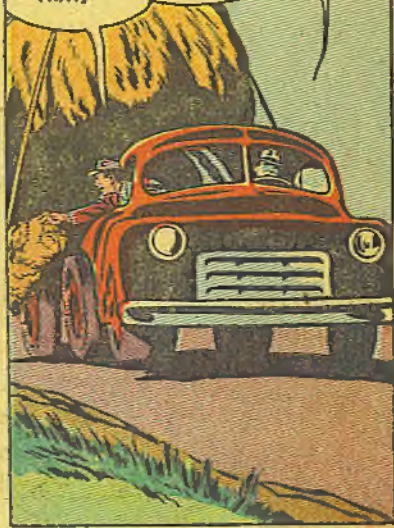
HEY, KORREL, SUPERMAN'S FOLLOWING US!



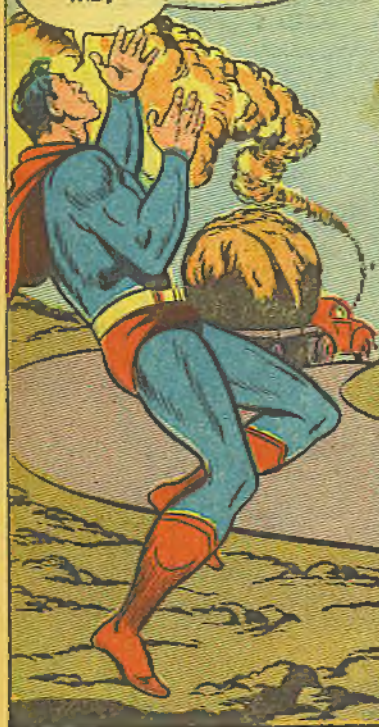
BUT KANE KORREL, WITH KRYPTONITE IN HIS POSSESSION, HAS NO FEAR OF THE MAN OF STEEL!

THIS KRYPTONITE POWDER I JUST POUNDED UP FROM A BIT OF THE METEOR WILL DISCOURAGE HIM!

HAW, HAW, I GET IT!

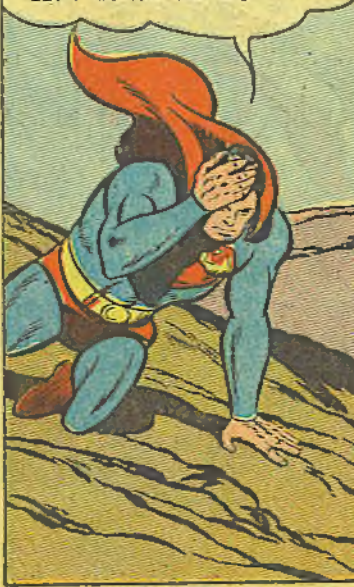


KRYPTONITE DUST-- IT'S OVERCOMING ME!



WHEN THE WIND DISSIPATES THE BALEFUL DUST, SUPERMAN REVIVES-- BUT TOO LATE!

THEY'RE GONE, WITH THE KRYPTONITE! I'VE GOT TO RECOVER IT-- BUT FIRST, THE SMALLER PIECE THEY LEFT IN THE FIELD!

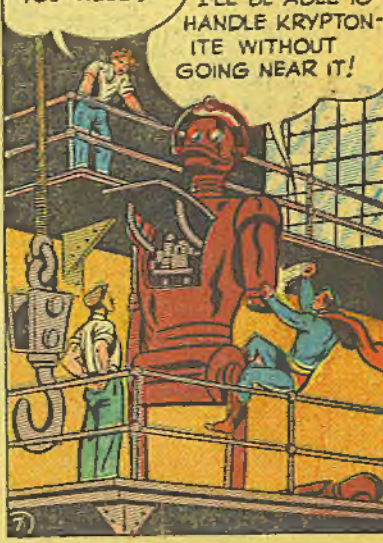


WITH A SWIFTLY-BORN PLAN IN MIND, SUPERMAN FIRST VISITS A SMITHVILLE FACTORY!

AFTER THE WAY YOU SAVED OUR TOWN, YOU CAN BORROW ANYTHING YOU NEED!

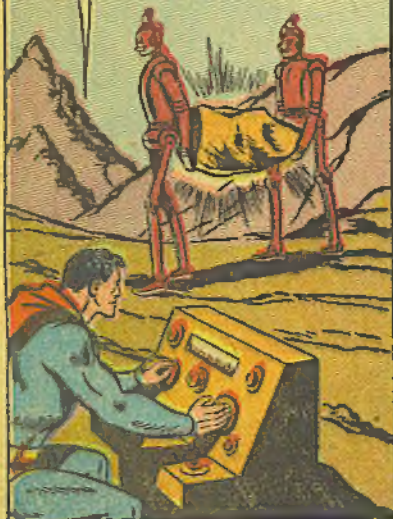
THANKS!

WITH THESE REMOTE-CONTROLLED **ROBOTS**, I'LL BE ABLE TO HANDLE KRYPTONITE WITHOUT GOING NEAR IT!



PRESENTLY, SUPERMAN DIRECTS THE ROBOTS BY RADIO SO THAT THEY CARRY THE REMAINING KRYPTONITE TO AN ISOLATED VALLEY!

NOW TO FIND SOME WAY TO FIGHT AGAINST THE POWER OF KRYPTONITE!



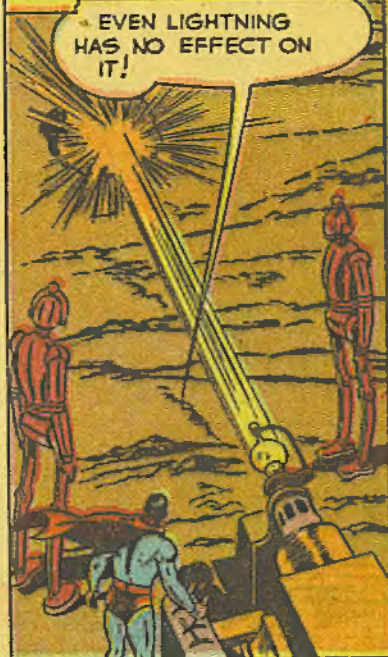
THEN BEGINS A SERIES OF REMOTE-CONTROLLED EXPERIMENTS ON WHICH SUPERMAN'S CAREER DEPENDS! FIRST, AN ATTEMPT TO SCREEN KRYPTONITE'S POWER...

NO SUBSTANCE WILL SCREEN KRYPTONITE'S RAYS—NOT EVEN SUPERMANIUM!



WHEN POWERFUL ACIDS FAIL TO DESTROY THE KRYPTONITE, SUPERMAN USES NATURE'S MOST TERRIFIC FORCE UPON IT!

EVEN LIGHTNING HAS NO EFFECT ON IT!

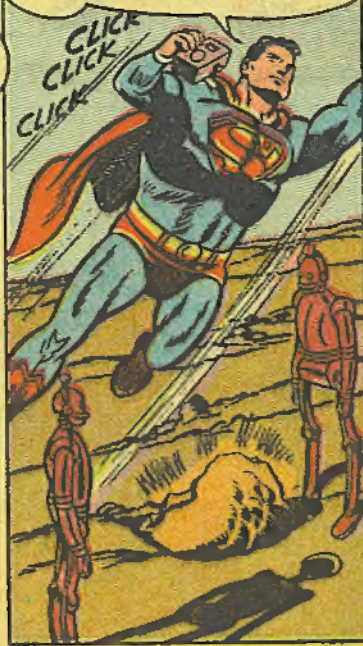


BUT ALTHOUGH SUPERMAN'S EXPERIMENTS FIND NO WEAPON AGAINST KRYPTONITE, THEY DO YIELD ONE RESULT!

AT LEAST, I'VE DEvised THIS K-DETECTOR WHICH DETECTS KRYPTONITE AS A GEIGER COUNTER DOES URANIUM! MAYBE IT'LL HELP!



I'VE SET THE ROBOTS TO GUARD THAT FRAGMENT--NOW I'LL SEE IF MY K-DETECTOR WILL FIND THAT KRYPTONITE METEOR! I'LL TRY METROPOLIS FIRST!



MEANWHILE, KANE KORREL'S "KRYPTON SYNDICATE" IS DOING A RUSHING BUSINESS!

FIVE GRAND FOR A BIT OF THAT STUFF? THAT'S PRETTY STEEP!

NOT WHEN IT'LL GIVE YOU ABSOLUTE PROTECTION AGAINST SUPERMAN!





ACTION COMICS



AND SUPERMAN, AFTER CHANGING TO CLARK KENT, FINDS METROPOLIS OVER-RUN BY CROOKS WHO NO LONGER FEAR THEIR GREATEST FOE!

CLARK, CRIME IS RUNNING WILD! WHY DOESN'T SUPERMAN STOP IT? WHERE IS HE?

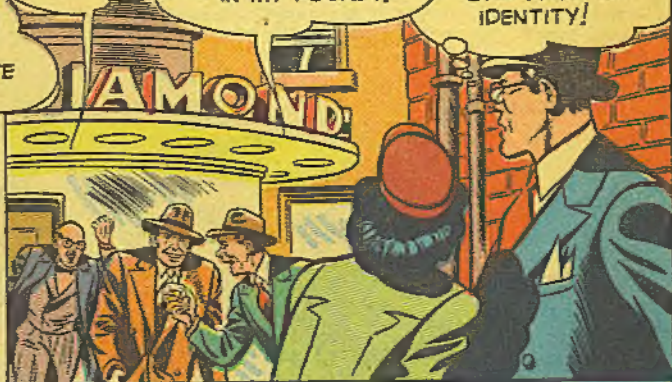
ER... I'M LOOKING FOR HIM! (THOUGHT) MY K-DETECTOR INDICATES KRYPTONITE BEING USED IN THIS VICINITY!

THE NEXT MOMENT...

SUPERMAN WILL GET YOU FOR THIS!

I'M NOT AFRAID OF SUPERMAN WITH KRYPTONITE IN MY POCKET!

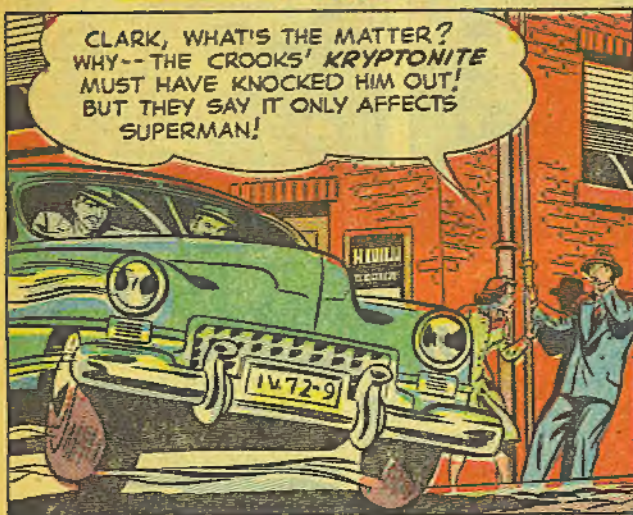
GOOD GRIEF! HE'S GOING TO PASS NEAR US-- IT'LL AFFECT ME AS CLARK KENT AND GIVE AWAY MY IDENTITY!



CLARK, WHAT'S THE MATTER? WHY-- THE CROOKS' KRYPTONITE MUST HAVE KNOCKED HIM OUT! BUT THEY SAY IT ONLY AFFECTS SUPERMAN!

IF KRYPTONITE ONLY AFFECTS SUPERMAN, THEN YOU MUST BE SUPERMAN!

NO, LOIS-- I WAS AFFECTED BY ESCAPING GAS! SEE, THAT GAS-PIPE HAS A HOLE IN IT!

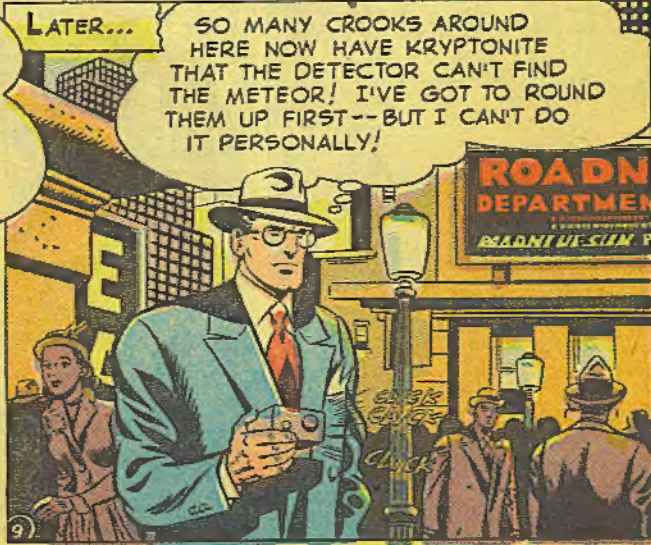


SO IT DOES! I GUESS I WAS SILLY, BUT FOR A MOMENT I WAS SURE...

I'LL SEE THAT LEAK IS PLUGGED AT ONCE! (THOUGHT) LUCKY I SAW THAT COMING AND PIERCED THE PIPE WITH MY FINGER AS I GRABBED HOLD, TO MAKE AN ALIBI!

LATER...

SO MANY CROOKS AROUND HERE NOW HAVE KRYPTONITE THAT THE DETECTOR CAN'T FIND THE METEOR! I'VE GOT TO ROUND THEM UP FIRST-- BUT I CAN'T DO IT PERSONALLY!



RETURNING AT SUPER-SPEED TO HIS REMOTE-CONTROLLED ROBOTS, SUPERMAN FITS EACH ROBOT WITH A K-DETECTOR!

THE K-DETECTORS WILL MAKE THE ROBOTS AUTOMATICALLY GO TOWARD KRYPTONITE! BUT BEFORE I TURN THEM ON, I MUST MARCH THE ROBOTS TO METROPOLIS!

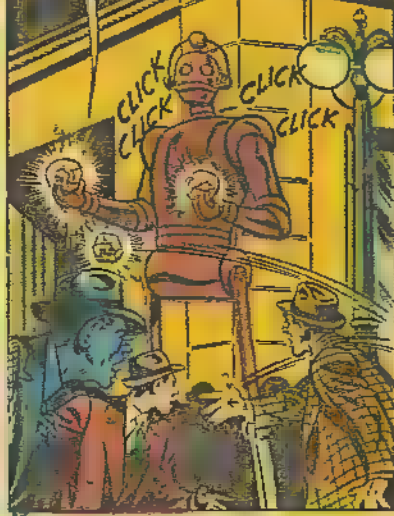
SOON, KRYPTONITE BOOMERANGS AGAINST THE CRIMINALS!

THE THING HUNTED US RIGHT OUT OF THE CROWD! HOW CAN IT SINGLE US OUT!

IT COULD BE THIS KRYPTONITE STUFF IN OUR POCKETS! TRY THROWING IT AWAY!

YES, IT'S THE KRYPTONITE THAT ATTRACTS THEM!

THROW THE STUFF AWAY--IT'S OUR ONLY CHANCE!



THE ROBOTS ARE PICKING UP THE KRYPTONITE FOR ME... AND IF MY GUESS IS RIGHT, THESE CROOKS WILL GO BACK TO WHOEVER SOLD THEM THE STUFF!

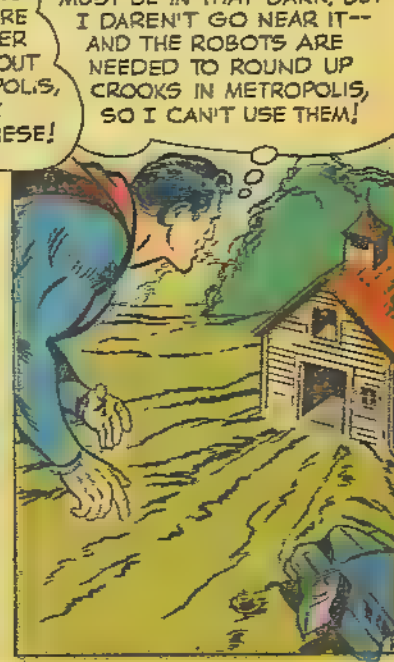
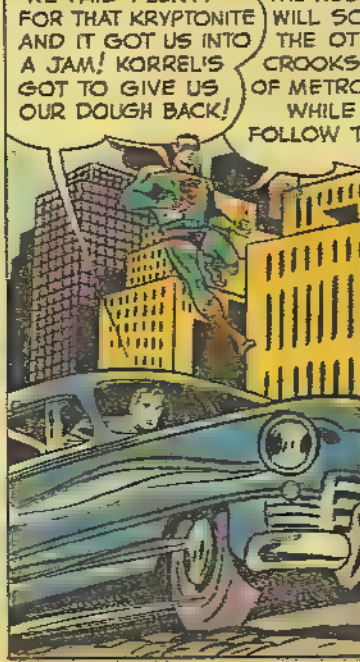
SUPERMAN'S HUNCH IS CORRECT! ANGRY CROOKS SPEED BACK TO KANE KORREL TO MAKE COMPLAINT!

WE PAID PLENTY FOR THAT KRYPTONITE AND IT GOT US INTO A JAM! KORREL'S GOT TO GIVE US OUR DOUGH BACK!

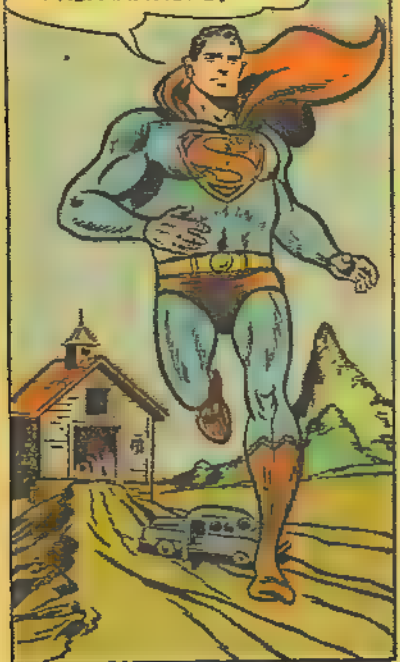
THE ROBOTS WILL SCARE THE OTHER CROOKS OUT OF METROPOLIS, WHILE I FOLLOW THESE!

THE TRAIL LEADS TO THE HIDDEN HEADQUARTERS OF THE KRYPTONITE SYNDICATE!

THE KRYPTONITE METEOR MUST BE IN THAT BARN! BUT I DAREN'T GO NEAR IT-- AND THE ROBOTS ARE NEEDED TO ROUND UP CROOKS IN METROPOLIS, SO I CAN'T USE THEM!



I'VE GOT AN IDEA AS TO HOW I CAN GET RID OF THAT METEOR FOR GOOD! BUT FIRST I'LL HAVE TO MAKE CERTAIN PREPARATIONS!



PRESENTLY, WHEN SUPERMAN CONFRONTS KANE KORREL AND HIS MEN...

KORREL, LOOK-- SUPERMAN HAS FOUND US!

WE NEEDN'T FEAR HIM-- HE CAN'T COME CLOSE TO THIS KRYPTONITE!



HE'S DIGGING DOWNWARD! HE MUST BE GOING TO TUNNEL UP FROM UNDERNEATH, SO THE METEOR WILL DROP INTO THE EARTH!

HE'S STEPPED INTO A TRAP THIS TIME!



LISTEN, BOYS... WE CAN GET RID OF SUPERMAN FOR ALL TIME! ROLL THE KRYPTONITE METEOR DOWN INTO THAT SHAFT HE'S DIGGING... IT'LL PARALYZE HIM IN IT!

AND WE CAN FILL THE SHAFT AND BURY HIM THERE FOREVER!



A TERRIBLE MENACE ROLLS DOWN THE SLOPE TOWARD THE DEEP SHAFT IN WHICH SUPERMAN HAS BURROWED HIS WAY DOWN...



...AND DROPS ITS PARALYZING MASS UPON THE MAN OF STEEL!

I WAS SURE THEY'D TRY TO SEAL ME IN HERE WITH THE METEOR! NOW FOR THE SURPRISE!



AS THE METEOR HITS SUPERMAN, IT DETONATES THE PACKAGE ON HIS BACK--A MASS OF THE MOST POWERFUL OF EXPLOSIVES!



...FIRE THAT KRYPTONITE METEOR BACK INTO SPACE, NEVER TO RETURN!

IT WAS A TRICK, TO GET RID OF THAT METEOR! WE'VE NO PROTECTION AGAINST HIM NOW--WE'RE SUNK!



SOON, IN METROPOLIS...

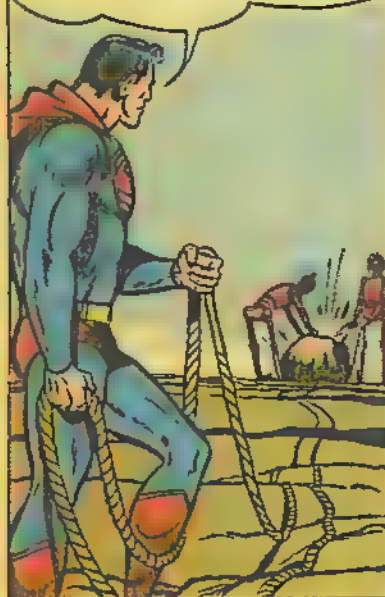
YOU BROUGHT THEM ALL IN--BUT WHAT ABOUT THE REST OF THE KRYPTONITE THAT YOUR ROBOTS COLLECTED?

I THINK I CAN SEND THAT AFTER THE METEOR, WITHOUT GOING NEAR IT MYSELF!

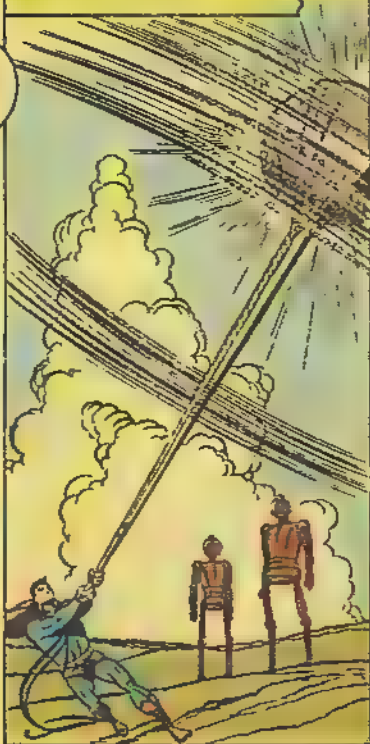


MARCHING THE ROBOTS AND THEIR KRYPTONITE BACK TO THE VALLEY...

THEY CAN PUT ALL THE REMAINING KRYPTONITE IN THE END OF THIS SLING, AND AT THIS DISTANCE I'M NOT AFFECTED!

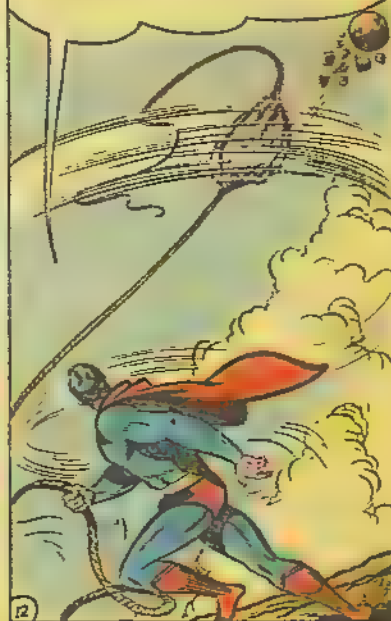


THEN THE MAN OF STEEL WHIRLS THE GIANT SLING AT FULL POWER...



...AND THE LAST BALEFUL BIT OF KRYPTONITE GOES BACK INTO THE VOID!

AND MAY NO MORE OF IT EVER COME TO EARTH FROM THE SCATTERED REMNANTS OF PERISHED KRYPTON!



MAKE HER WALK THE PLANK!

WE CAN'T KEEP PRISONERS ABOARD THIS SHIP!

GIRLS CAN'T BE PIRATES ANYWAY!

SHE DOESN'T EVEN HAVE ANYONE TO RANSOM HER!

WHAT'RE WE WAITIN' FOR! LET'S GO!

OVERBOARD WITH HER!

TURN THAT GAL LOOSE!

NOT WITHOUT RANSOM!

PUH-LEASE SAVE ME!

MY HERO!

THIS DUBBLE BUBBLE GUM SHOULD SAVE HER!

WOW! FLEER'S DUBBLE BUBBLE! SHE GOES FREE!

FUN TO CHEW! BLOWS BIGGER BUBBLES, TOO!

FACTS, FORTUNES AND FUNNIES IN EVERY PIECE!

FLEER'S DUBBLE BUBBLE HAS THAT SWEET LONG-LASTING FLAVOR!

FRANK H. FLEER CORP., PHILADELPHIA 41, PA.

BUFFALO HUNTING!

THE PLAINS INDIAN WOULD BAND IN PARTIES OF HUNDREDS TO HUNT BUFFALO. IN THIS WAY, THEY COULD PREPARE THE COMMUNITY'S PROVISIONS FOR AN ENTIRE WINTER!

THERE WAS ALWAYS GREAT DANGER IN BUFFALO HUNTING! OFTEN THE ANIMALS MIGHT TURN SUDDENLY, AND CHARGE THE HUNTER, KILLING OR GORING THE INDIANS AND THEIR HORSES!

THE DUST RAISED BY A BUFFALO STAMPEDE WAS OFTEN SO THICK, IT BLOTTED OUT THE SUN FOR A WHOLE DAY!

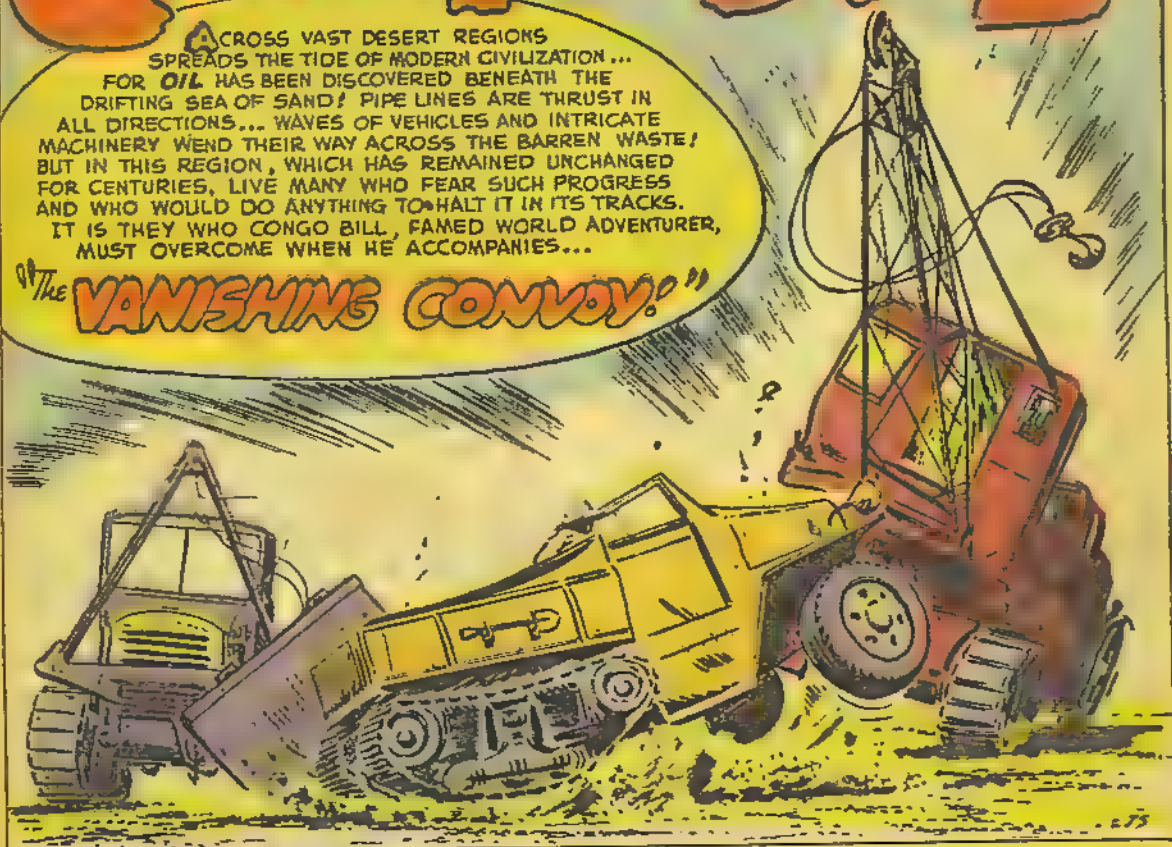
WHITE SETTLERS WERE OFTEN HINDERED IN THEIR MIGRATIONS BY HERDS OF BUFFALO! SWIMMING ACROSS A RIVER, BUFFALO SOMETIMES WOULD DISABLE A RIVER BOAT BY GETTING CAUGHT IN THE PADDLE WHEEL!

CONGO BILL

ACROSS VAST DESERT REGIONS
SPREADS THE TIDE OF MODERN CIVILIZATION...

FOR OIL HAS BEEN DISCOVERED BENEATH THE
DRIFTING SEA OF SAND! PIPE LINES ARE THRUST IN
ALL DIRECTIONS... WAVES OF VEHICLES AND INTRICATE
MACHINERY WEND THEIR WAY ACROSS THE BARREN WASTE!
BUT IN THIS REGION, WHICH HAS REMAINED UNCHANGED
FOR CENTURIES, LIVE MANY WHO FEAR SUCH PROGRESS
AND WHO WOULD DO ANYTHING TO HALT IT IN ITS TRACKS.
IT IS THEY WHO CONGO BILL, FAMED WORLD ADVENTURER,
MUST OVERCOME WHEN HE ACCOMPANIES...

THE **VANISHING CONVOY!**



ONE MORNING, AT A REMOTE OUTPOST DEEP IN
EQUATORIAL AFRICA...

BILL, THIS CABLE'S BEEN
CHASIN' YOU ALL OVER
THE CONGO! IT SAYS
SOMETHING ABOUT OIL
CONSTRUCTION CONVOYS
DISAPPEARIN' NEAR
RIYADH AND ORDERS
YOU TO REPORT
THERE AT ONCE!

DISAPPEARING
CONVOYS, EH?
OKAY... THANKS,
PETE... I'LL HOP
THE NEXT PLANE
OUT!



TWO DAYS LATER, AS CONGO BILL, ACE INVESTIGATOR
FOR WORLD-WIDE INSURANCE COMPANY, ARRIVES AT
THE DESERT CITY OF RIYADH...

ALL I CAN TELL YOU, BILL, IS
THAT THE LAST TWO CONVOYS
WE SENT OUT HAVE
DISAPPEARED... JUST
**VANISHED INTO
THIN AIR!**

WELL, THE ONLY THING
WE CAN DO NOW IS
FOLLOW THE EXACT
ROUTE THEY TOOK, AND
HOPE TO CATCH UP TO THEM
SOMEHOW!



AND SO, WITH BILL AT THE LEAD, A MASSIVE CONVOY TAKES OFF INTO THE MYSTERIOUS DESERT...

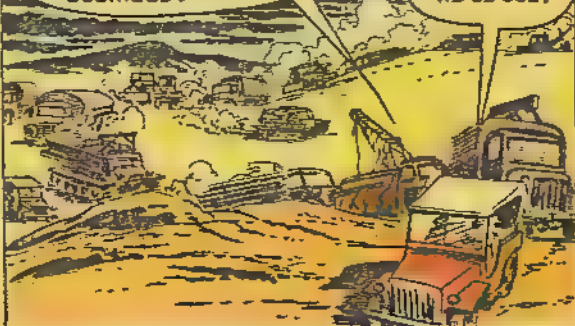
LET'S ROLL! WE'LL EITHER COME BACK WITH THE ANSWER TO THE MISSING CONVOYS, OR... WE MAY NOT COME BACK AT ALL!



TOWARD DUSK...

YOU SEE, BILL, THE ARAB KING OF THIS TERRITORY GLADLY GAVE US PERMISSION TO BUILD OIL LINES ACROSS HIS PROVINCES... BUT WE KNOW FOR A FACT THAT SOME OF THE PROVINCIAL PRINCES DON'T WANT US AROUND! MAYBE THEY'RE THE ONES BEHIND THIS WHOLE BUSINESS!

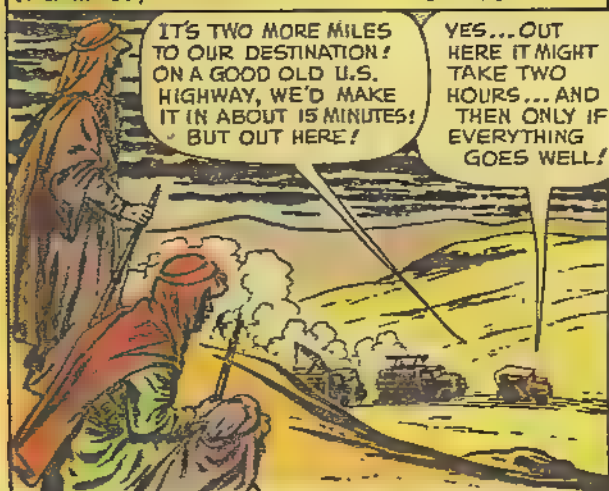
MAYBE... WE'LL SEE!



MEANWHILE, SINISTER EYES WATCH FROM ABOVE...

IT'S TWO MORE MILES TO OUR DESTINATION! ON A GOOD OLD U.S. HIGHWAY, WE'D MAKE IT IN ABOUT 15 MINUTES! BUT OUT HERE!

YES... OUT HERE IT MIGHT TAKE TWO HOURS... AND THEN ONLY IF EVERYTHING GOES WELL!



WE'LL CIRCLE AROUND THE DUNES AND RIDE AHEAD TO WHERE WE'VE SET OUR TRAP FOR THEM!

BUT, MY AMIR! IS IT NOT DANGEROUS FOR US TO CONTINUE TRAPPING THE CONVOYS? DID NOT THE KING HIMSELF GRANT THEM PERMISSION TO INVAD... OUR DESERT WITH THEIR OIL LINES?



THE KING IS A FOOL... HE KNOWS NOT THE EVIL WAYS OF THESE AMERICANS WHO RENT HIS LAND! BUT I, ALI SAU, PRINCE OF THIS PROVINCE, ALSO HAVE A VOICE IN SUCH MATTERS! THE KING SHALL NEVER KNOW THE FATE OF THE OIL CONVOYS... NO ONE SHALL KNOW!



HOURS LATER, IN THE LIGHT OF A FULL MOON...

THIS IS IT... THE UNFINISHED END OF THE OIL LINES! AND NO SIGN OF THE WORKERS OR THEIR VEHICLES! HOW WILL YOU EVEN **START** TO INVESTIGATE, BILL?

THERE SHALL BE NO INVESTIGATIONS! AND I ADVISE YOU TO AVOID VIOLENCE! YOU ARE SURROUNDED!



IT'S A TRAP! DO AS THEY SAY, MEN OR THEY'LL CUT US DOWN LIKE GRASS BEFORE A LAWN MOWER!

VERY WISELY SAID, CONGO BILL! GET BACK INTO YOUR VEHICLES! WE SHALL ESCORT YOU TO YOUR NEXT DESTINATION!

THEN THIS EXPLAINS THE OTHER MISSING CONVOYS ... PROBABLY A **SLOW DEATH!**

I DOUBT IT! IF THEY HAD MEANT TO KILL US, THEY'D HAVE DONE IT BY NOW! I DON'T KNOW EXACTLY WHAT'S HAPPENING... BUT I'M CERTAINLY CURIOUS TO FIND OUT!

FINALLY, REACHING A GREAT WALLED CITY, THE CONVOY ENTERS THROUGH MASSIVE, CREAKING GATES...

LIKE SO MANY ANIMALS, THEY ARE HERDED INTO LARGE STOCKADES WHERE...

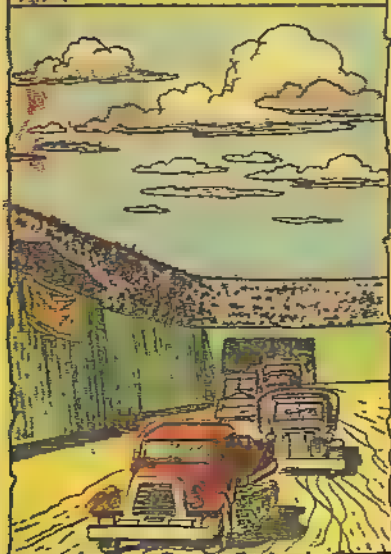
LOOK! THE WORKERS FROM THE MISSING CONVOYS! SO **THIS** IS WHAT HAPPENED TO THEM!

YES! PRISONERS IN THIS HOLE, WITH NO CHANCE TO EVER SEE THE OUTSIDE WORLD AGAIN!

YOU, TOO, WILL BECOME PLAYTHINGS... LIKE CHESS PIECES! THIS ALI SAU IS MERCILESS... LIKE A ROMAN EMPEROR OUT OF THE PAST! HE HATES ANYTHING THAT WE CALL CIVILIZATION... AND EACH DAY HE PLAYS A DEADLY GAME!

WH-WHAT DO YOU MEAN?

"EACH DAY, HIS POPULACE GATHERS AROUND A GREAT ARENA. THEN THE VEHICLES OF THE CONVOY ARE HERDED OUT..."



"AFTER PAIRING US OFF... LIKE MONSTROUS, METAL CONTESTANTS... PRINCE ALI SAU GIVES THE SIGNAL TO COMMENCE **FIGHTING EACH OTHER!**"

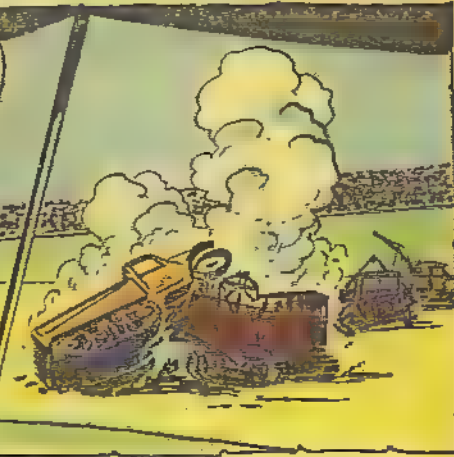


"THE CONTESTANTS ARE FORCED TO CLASH IN WEIRD COMBAT... EACH TRYING TO BEST THE OTHER! THE SOUNDS OF METAL CRASHING AGAINST METAL IS DEAFENING..."



LOOK, MY PRINCE! IT IS EVEN A MORE COLORFUL SPECTACLE THIS DAY! THE IRON MONSTERS DESTROY EACH OTHER!

THAT IS MY WISH...FOR THEM TO DESTROY EACH OTHER WHILE MY PEOPLE ENJOY THE GAMES! I SHALL TEACH THEM NOT TO ENTER MY REALM!

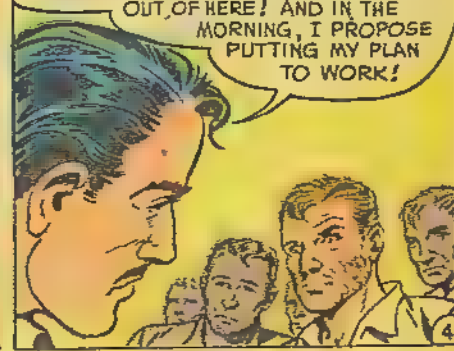


"WHEN A MACHINE IS WRECKED, IT IS JACKED UP AND REPAIRED... AND THE WOUNDED ARE CARRIED OFF... TO FIGHT ANOTHER DAY! THE PRINCE NEVER TIRES OF HIS FANATICAL 'SPORT'..."

MAKE SPEED! THE PRINCE GROWS ANGRY IF THE GAMES ARE DELAYED!



WELL, WE ARE IN A FINE PICKLE! THIS MADMAN WILL BE THE DEATH OF US ALL... UNLESS...HMM...I THINK THERE'S A WAY OUT OF HERE! AND IN THE MORNING, I PROPOSE PUTTING MY PLAN TO WORK!



NEXT MORNING, WHEN THE VEHICLES ARE AGAIN PAIRED OFF IN FIERCE FIGHTING, BILL DEFTLY PUTS HIS JEEP INTO A SKID...



...CAUSING THE BATTLE TO HALT MOMENTARILY...

TO THE STOCKADE WITH THE WEAKLING! HURRY, OAFS! THE GAMES HAVE BEEN DELAYED TOO LONG ALREADY!



BUT ONCE INSIDE THE STOCKADE...

YOU...YOU'RE **NOT** HURT, BILL? YOU WERE PLAYING POSSUM!

I HAD TO! MY TRICK WAS TO SNEAK IN THIS **HYDRAULIC JACK!** MY ONLY WOUNDS CAME FROM LYING ON THE THING!



YES, MEN, HERE YOU SEE A SIMPLE, AMERICAN-MADE JACK, COSTING ABOUT \$13...BUT WITH IT, WE'RE GOING TO MAKE OUR ESCAPE! ALI SAU IS IN FOR A BIG SURPRISE TONIGHT!



THAT NIGHT, AS THE PRISONERS SLEEP...

SHH...THE GUARD'S FALLEN ASLEEP... NOW'S OUR CHANCE!

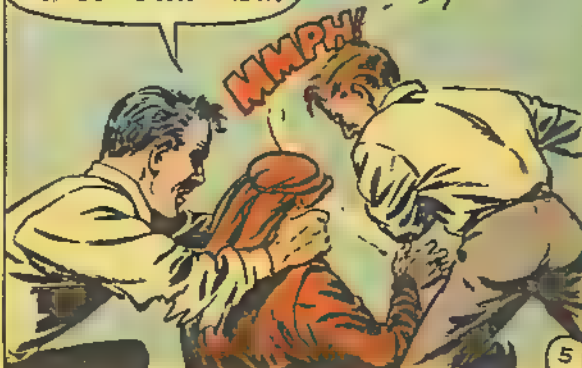
GOOD! THIS LITTLE BABY CAN LIFT A STEAM SHOVEL...SO PRYING THESE BARS LOOSE IS LIKE PLAYING WITH TOOTHPICKS!



MINUTES LATER...

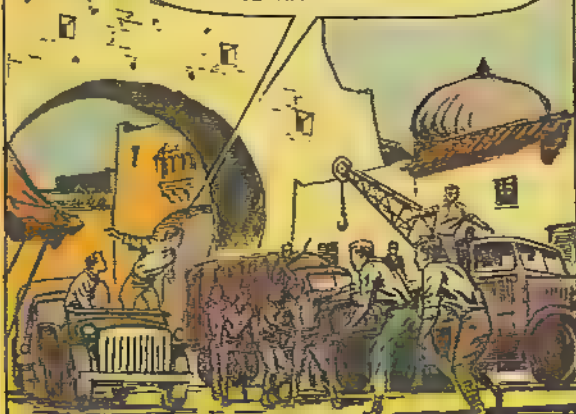
THAT'S IT...AFTER WE BIND AND GAG HIM, WE'LL MOUNT OUR VEHICLES! TONIGHT, WE'RE PUTTING ON OUR **OWN** SHOW!

RIGHT...BUT THIS TIME, IT WON'T BE IN AN ARENA UNDER HEAVY GUARD!



AND SOON AFTER, THE VEHICLES ARE READY TO ROLL AGAIN..

TO PRINCE ALI SAU'S BEDROOM FIRST! HE'LL BE A HANDY HOSTAGE TO HAVE ALONG!



SECONDS LATER IN THE PRINCE'S CHAMBERS...

COME ON, YOU! IT'S YOUR TURN TO TAKE A RIDE!

STOP, AT ONCE! I'LL HAVE ALL OF YOU SHOT FOR THIS!

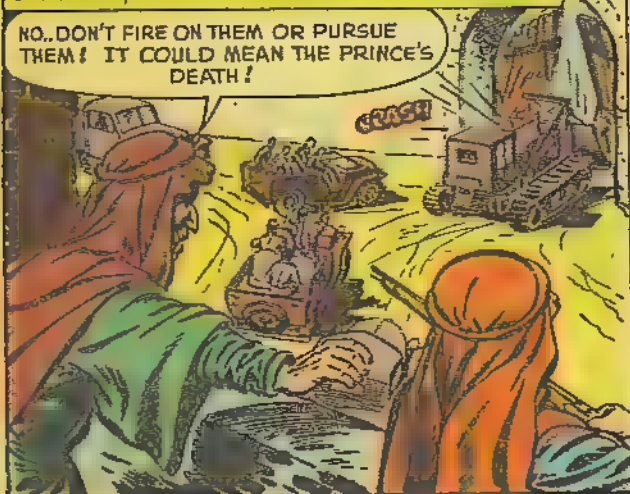
NOBODY'S GOING TO BE SHOT! LET'S GO... BATTER DOWN THE GATES, THEN TAKE ONLY THE LIGHT VEHICLES! WE'LL NEED SPEED!



PRESENTLY, AS THE PRISONERS REACH THE GATES...

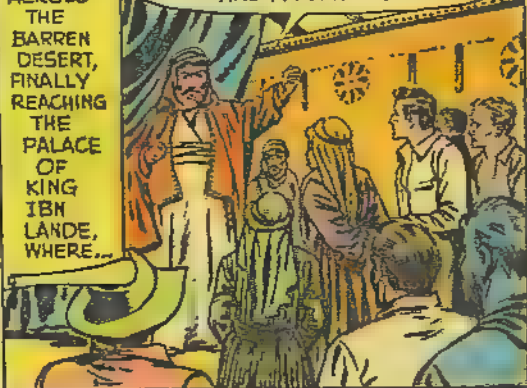
NO..DON'T FIRE ON THEM OR PURSUE THEM! IT COULD MEAN THE PRINCE'S DEATH!

CRASH!



ALL NIGHT, THE CONVOY TRAVELS ACROSS THE BARREN DESERT, FINALLY REACHING THE PALACE OF KING IBN LANDE, WHERE...

I GAVE MY PERMISSION FOR THE OIL LINES TO GO THROUGH. YET YOU INTERVENED! DEATH SHOULD BE YOUR PENALTY BUT THAT IS IMPOSSIBLE, BECAUSE YOU ARE A PRINCE!



SO INSTEAD, YOU SHALL PAY, AND PAY FOR WHAT YOU HAVE DONE! ALSO, I FORBID YOU TO LEAVE YOUR CITY FOR TEN YEARS! YOU SHALL REMAIN A VIRTUAL PRISONER BEHIND THOSE WALLS!



THAT SAME DAY... WELL, BILL, THE WORK IS UNDERWAY AGAIN! SOON, OIL WILL BE GUSHING THROUGH THESE PIPES! WHAT WILL YOU BE DOING NEXT?

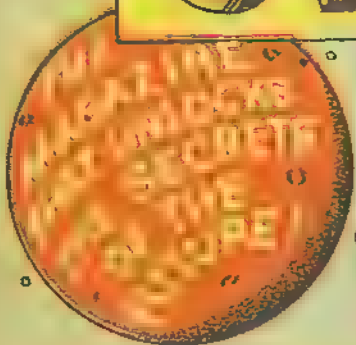
WHO KNOWS? THERE ARE FOUR DIRECTIONS... AND TROUBLE CAN LURK IN ANY ONE OF THEM! I'LL BE THERE WHEN IT DOES!



DON'T BE EARTH-BOUND!

**JET OFF TO ALIEN WORLDS
IN EVERY
ISSUE**

OF



AMAZING

**TRIPS INTO THE
UNKNOWN!**

ASTOUNDING

**ADVENTURES
ON UNCHARTED
PLANETS!**

ASTONISHING

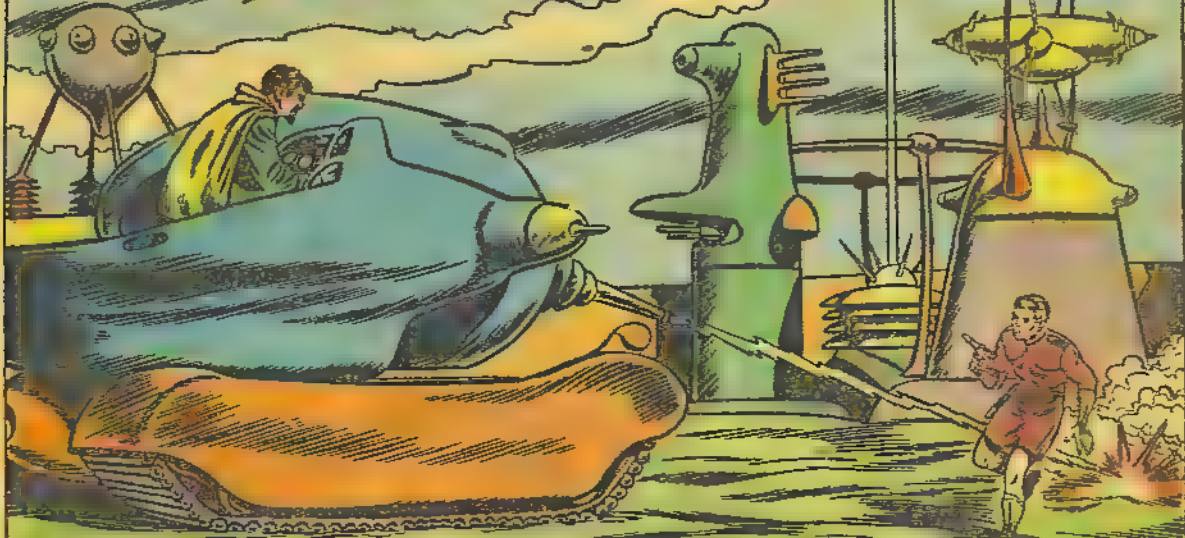
**EXPERIMENTS
OF SUPER-SCIENCE!**



**THE BRIGHTEST STARS
IN COMICS MAGAZINES BEAR
THIS FAMOUS SYMBOL
ON THE COVER!**



Tommy TOMORROW



OF ALL THE SOLAR SYSTEM'S CELESTIAL BODIES IN THE YEAR 2051, THERE IS ONE WORLD THAT IS TOP SECRET! STRANGE RUMORS ABOUT THIS FORBIDDEN PLANETOID ARE WHISPERED, BUT NO ONE HAS EVER SEEN IT EXCEPT THE PLANETEERS WHO GUARD IT... FOR ON IT ARE HIDDEN THE MOST TERRIBLE POWERS EVER DISCOVERED! BUT NOW, WHEN EVIL PLOTTERS REACH THAT FORBIDDEN LITTLE WORLD, TOMMY TOMORROW MUST UNDERGO A FATEFUL STRUGGLE TO SAVE...

"The SECRET of PLANETOID X!"

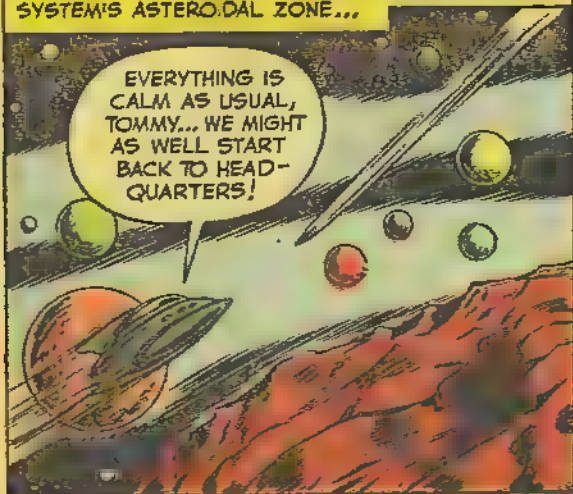
ONE MORNING, IN THE YEAR 2051, AS COLONEL TOMMY TOMORROW'S FAMED SHIP, THE *SPACE ACE*, MAKES A ROUTINE PATROL OF THE SOLAR SYSTEM'S ASTEROIDAL ZONE...

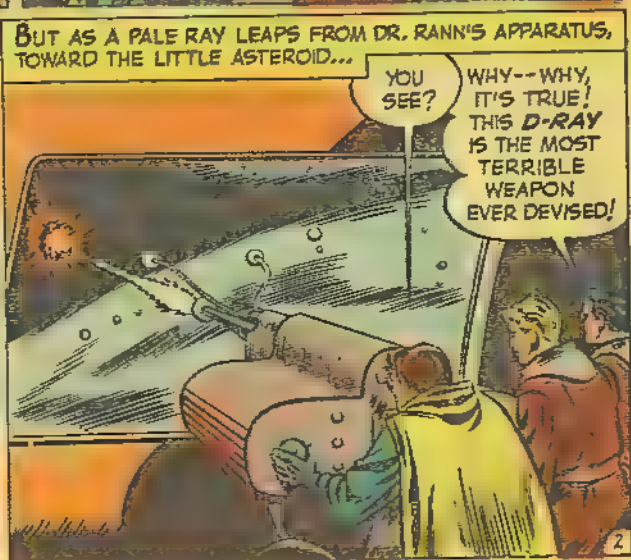
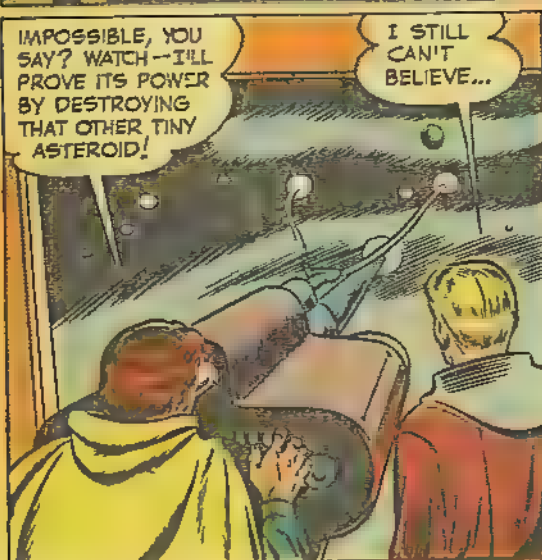
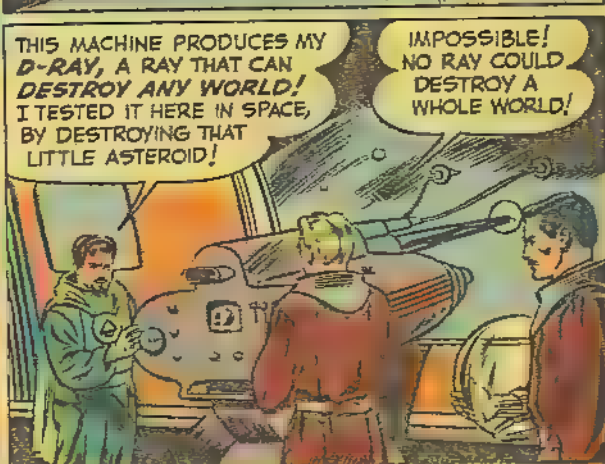
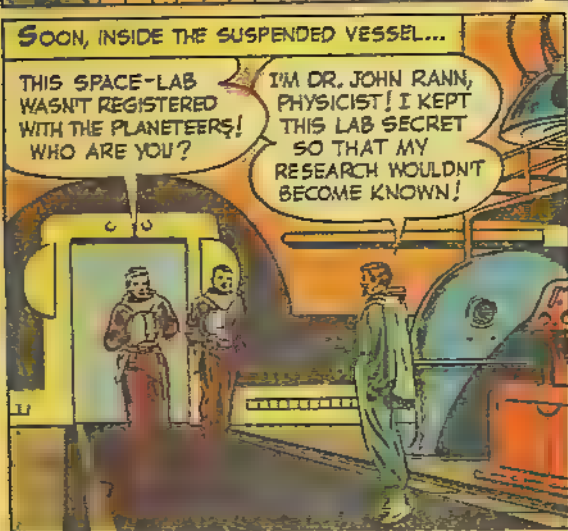
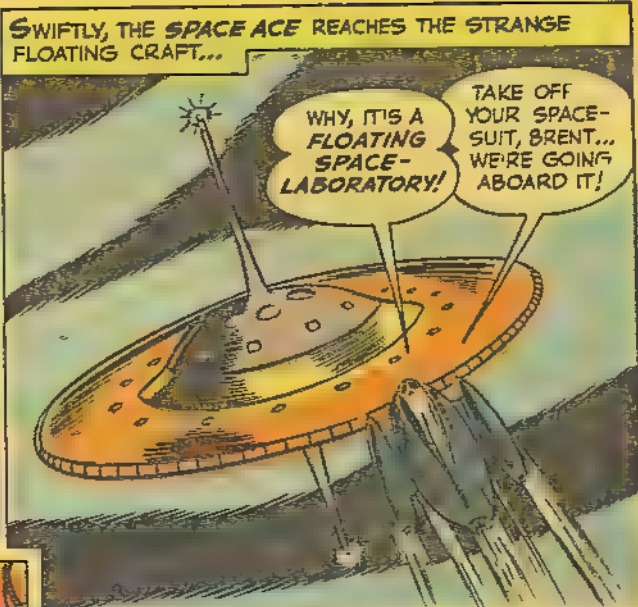
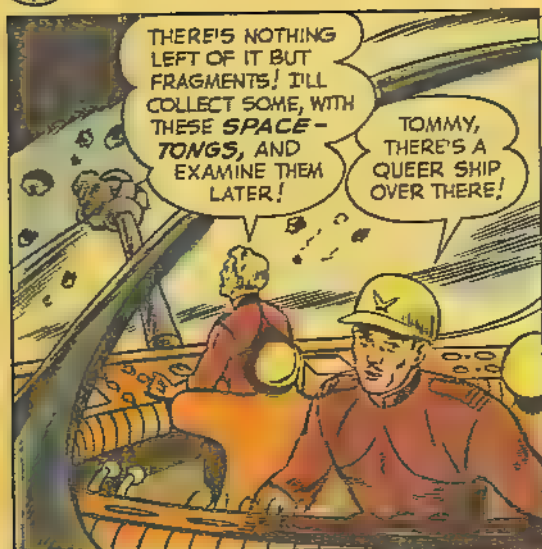
EVERYTHING IS CALM AS USUAL, TOMMY... WE MIGHT AS WELL START BACK TO HEAD-QUARTERS!

BUT SUDDENLY...

TOMMY--LOOK! THAT ASTEROID BLEW UP WITHOUT WARNING!

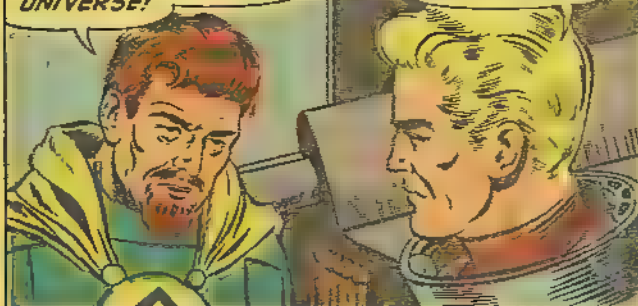
IT'S INCREDIBLE! WHAT COULD'VE CAUSED IT? WE'D BETTER INVESTIGATE!





YES--AND THAT'S WHY I'M SORRY I EVER DISCOVERED IT! IF THE SECRET OF **D-RAY** EVER GOT INTO THE WRONG HANDS, ITS POWER COULD BE USED TO DESTROY THE **ENTIRE UNIVERSE!**

WELL, DOCTOR, THERE'S ONE WAY WE CAN PROTECT YOUR SECRET... BY TAKING THE **D-RAY** MACHINE TO **PLANETOID X!**



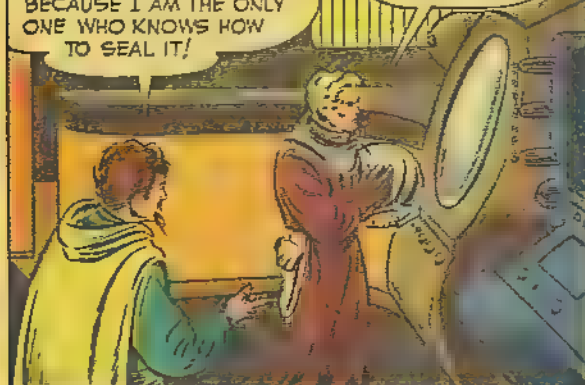
PLANETOID X? ISN'T THAT THE WORLD WHERE YOU **PLANETEERS** STORE ALL DANGEROUS, DESTRUCTIVE WEAPONS?

YES, WE GUARD ON THAT SECRET PLANETOID THE MOST TERRIBLE INVENTIONS AND POWERS IN THE SOLAR SYSTEM! WE CAN TAKE YOUR **D-RAY** MACHINE THERE!



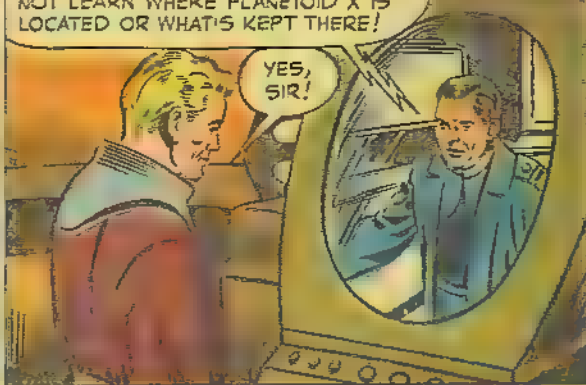
BUT MY APPARATUS MUST BE SEALED IN A SPECIAL WAY--OR IT WILL SET OFF A CHAIN REACTION THAT'LL DESTROY ALL OF PLANETOID X! I MUST GO ALONG WITH YOU, BECAUSE I AM THE ONLY ONE WHO KNOWS HOW TO SEAL IT!

HMM... NOBODY'S EVER ALLOWED TO VISIT THERE--BUT IN THIS EMERGENCY, I'LL ASK THE COMMANDER!



A SWIFT TELEVISOR CALL TO THE COMMANDER OF THE PLANETEERS BRINGS TOMMY INSTANT ORDERS...

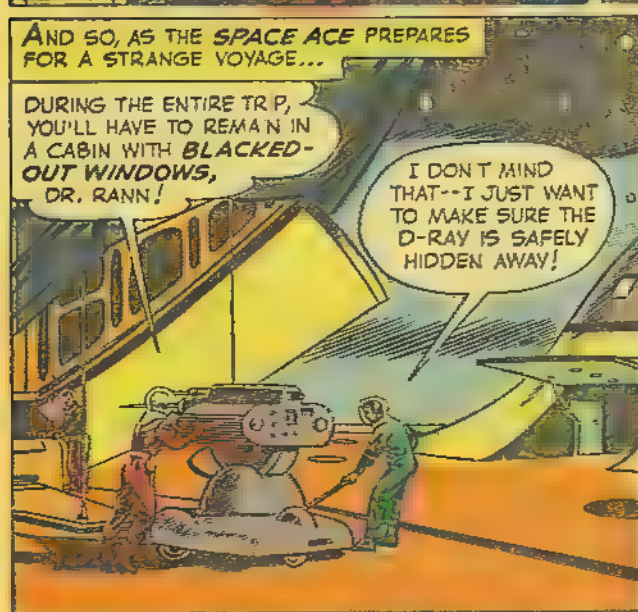
SINCE IT'S NECESSARY, COLONEL TOMORROW, YOU CAN TAKE DR. RANN WITH HIS APPARATUS--BUT HE MUST NOT LEARN WHERE PLANETOID X IS LOCATED OR WHAT'S KEPT THERE!



AND SO, AS THE **SPACE ACE** PREPARES FOR A STRANGE VOYAGE...

DURING THE ENTIRE TRIP, YOU'LL HAVE TO REMAIN IN A CABIN WITH **BLACKED-OUT WINDOWS**, DR. RANN!

I DON'T MIND THAT--I JUST WANT TO MAKE SURE THE **D-RAY** IS SAFELY HIDDEN AWAY!



BUT WHEN THE PROFESSOR IS LEFT ALONE IN THE BLIND CABIN...

HA, HA... THE PLANTED EXPLOSIVES I DETONATED ON THOSE ASTEROIDS HAVE REALLY CONVINCED THAT FOOL PLANETEER ABOUT MY "**D-RAY**"! NOW IT'S ONLY A MATTER OF TIME TILL I GET MY HANDS ON THE GREAT SECRETS OF PLANETOID X!



PRESENTLY, IN A LONELY PART OF THE SYSTEM, THE *SPACE ACE* APPROACHES A STRANGE BARRIER...

WE'RE HITTING THE ELECTRIC-EYE WARNING-BEAM AROUND PLANETOID X NOW, TOMMY!

YES, AND HERE COMES THE PLANETEER GUARDSHIP TO INSPECT US!

DOWN PLUNGES THE *SPACE ACE* -- TOWARD THE SURFACE OF THE MOST FORBIDDEN WORLD OF THE UNIVERSE...

AND AFTER A THOROUGH, SUPER-SCIENTIFIC INSPECTION...

THE X-RAY SCOPE SHOWS THE *SPACE ACE* IN PERFECT ORDER, SIR!

VERY GOOD! LET THEM PROCEED WITH US TO THE LANDING BASE!

DON'T FORGET TO PUT A BLINDFOLD ON DR. RANN BEFORE WE TAKE HIM OFF THE SHIP, BRENT!

I WON'T, TOMMY!

AND AS THE BLINDFOLDED 'SCIENTIST' IS LED INTO THE BASE...

STRAIGHT AHEAD, DR. RANN!

BE CAREFUL WITH MY D-RAY MACHINE!

DANGER
NO HAND REACH

THEN, IN A ROOM INSIDE THE BASE...

SINCE YOU DON'T WANT TO REVEAL YOUR SECRET TO ANYBODY, DOCTOR, WE'LL LEAVE YOU HERE ALONE, WHILE YOU SEAL THE APPARATUS! I'LL RETURN IN AN HOUR!

THANK YOU... THAT WILL BE TIME ENOUGH!

YES--T H E ENOUGH FOR ME TO TAKE OVER PLANETOID X AND ALL ITS SECRETS!

AND WHEN TOMMY LEAVES...

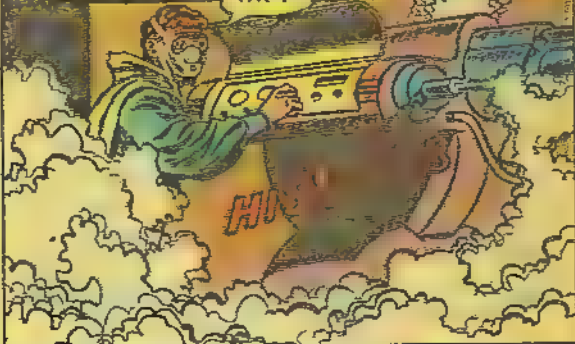
SEE THAT DR. RANN DOESN'T COME OUT UNTIL I GET BACK! I'M GOING OUT TO THE SPACE ACE TO WRITE UP MY REPORT!

WE'LL STAND WATCH, TOMMY!



BUT ONCE ALONE, RANN MAKES STRANGE USE OF HIS MYSTERIOUS 'D-RAY MACHINE'...

THE **KNOCKOUT GAS** I'M RELEASING WILL OVERCOME EVERY PLANETEER IN THE BASE, WHILE THIS MASK I HAD HIDDEN IN THE MACHINE PROTECTS ME!



WITHIN SECONDS, THE POTENT VAPOR PERMEATES THE ENTIRE BASE, AND...

NOW TO CALL MY COLLEAGUES, BY SECRET RADIO!

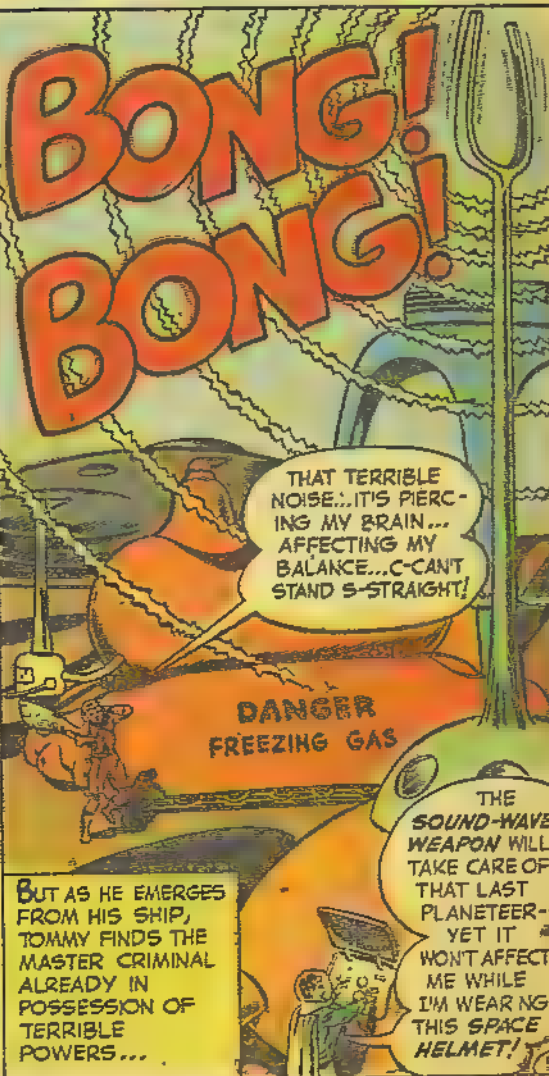
GOOD WORK, RANN! WE'LL USE YOUR BEAM TO GUIDE US OVER THERE!

RANN CALLING! ALL PLANETEERS OVERCOME ON PLANETOID X! ITS SECRETS ARE OURS FOR THE TAKING!



AT THAT MOMENT, TOMMY MAKES A STARTLING DISCOVERY...

GREAT SCOTT!--THESE ASTEROID-FRAGMENTS SHOW **POWDER-BURNS!** RANN DESTROYED THEM WITH **PLANTED EXPLOSIVES**, NOT WITH A RAY! HE'S TRICKED US... I MUST STOP HIM AT ONCE!



THAT TERRIBLE NOISE...IT'S PIERCING MY BRAIN... AFFECTING MY BALANCE...C-CAN'T STAND S-STRAIGHT!

DANGER FREEZING GAS

THE **SOUND-WAVE WEAPON** WILL TAKE CARE OF THAT LAST PLANETEER-- YET IT WON'T AFFECT ME WHILE I'M WEARING THIS **SPACE HELMET!**

BUT AS HE EMERGES FROM HIS SHIP, TOMMY FINDS THE MASTER CRIMINAL ALREADY IN POSSESSION OF TERRIBLE POWERS...



NOW TO FINISH HIM OFF WHILE HE'S HELPLESS!

IF I CAN JUST TURN LOOSE SOME OF THAT FREEZING GAS...

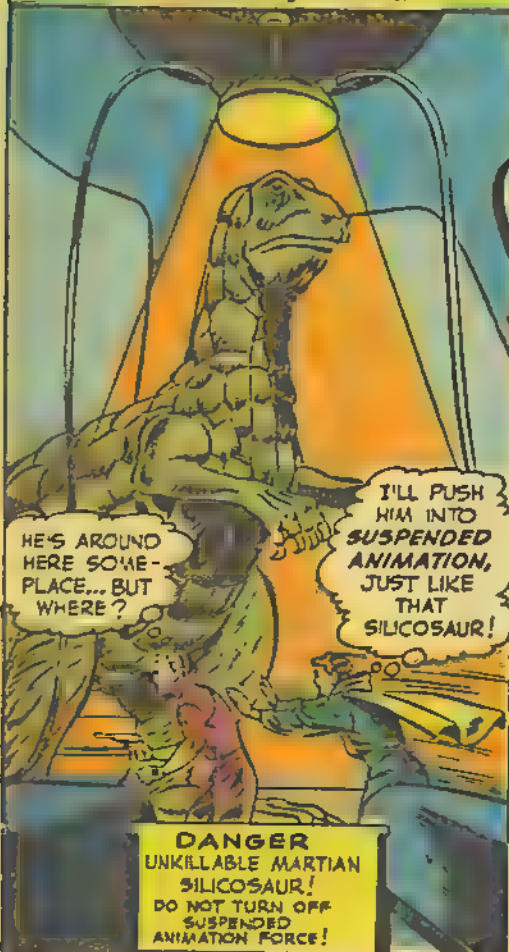
WITH HIS LAST REMAINING OUNCE OF STRENGTH, THE COURAGEOUS PLANETEER INCHES HIS WAY FORWARD, TILL FINALLY...

MADE IT! THIS GAS CAN FREEZE UP THE STRONGEST OF METALS TILL THEY SMASH TO BITS!

SNAP!

OH, OH... HE BEAT ME TO THAT MACH NE! HIS STRENGTH WILL RETURN IN A FEW SECONDS... I MUST FIND ANOTHER WEAPON TO FINISH HIM OFF!

THE CHASE LEADS TO THE GREAT MUSEUM OF DEADLY WEAPONS, WHERE...



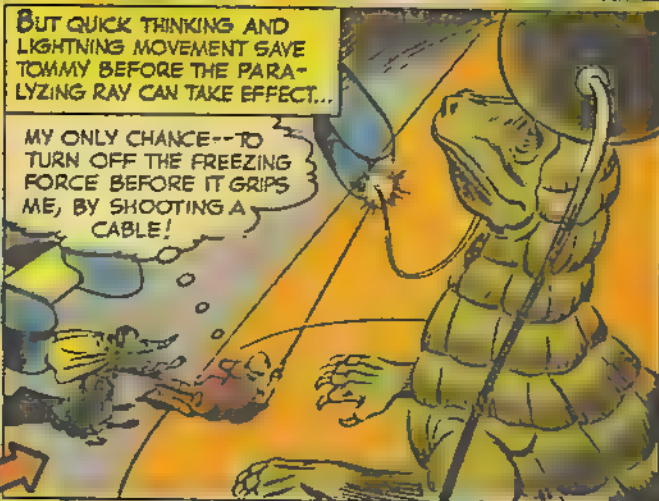
HE'S AROUND HERE SOME-PLACE... BUT WHERE?

I'LL PUSH HIM INTO SUSPENDED ANIMATION, JUST LIKE THAT SILICOSAUR!

DANGER
UNKILLABLE MARTIAN SILICOSAUR!
DO NOT TURN OFF SUSPENDED ANIMATION FORCE!

BUT QUICK THINKING AND LIGHTNING MOVEMENT SAVE TOMMY BEFORE THE PARALYZING RAY CAN TAKE EFFECT...

MY ONLY CHANCE--TO TURN OFF THE FREEZING FORCE BEFORE IT GRIPS ME, BY SHOOTING A CABLE!

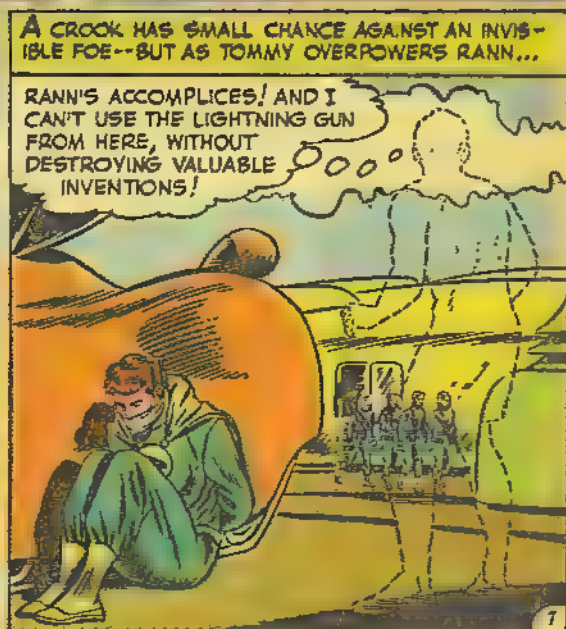
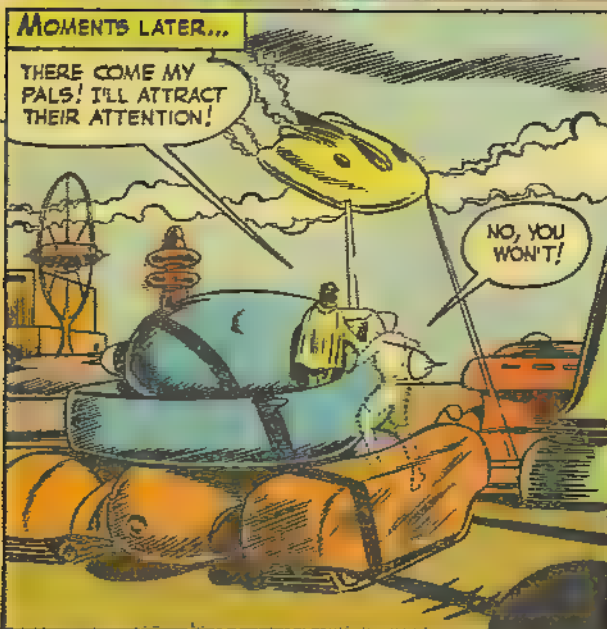
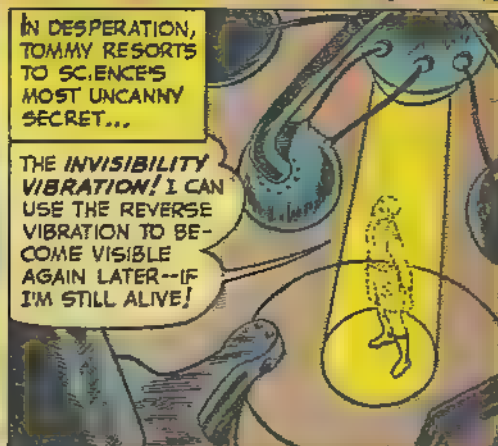
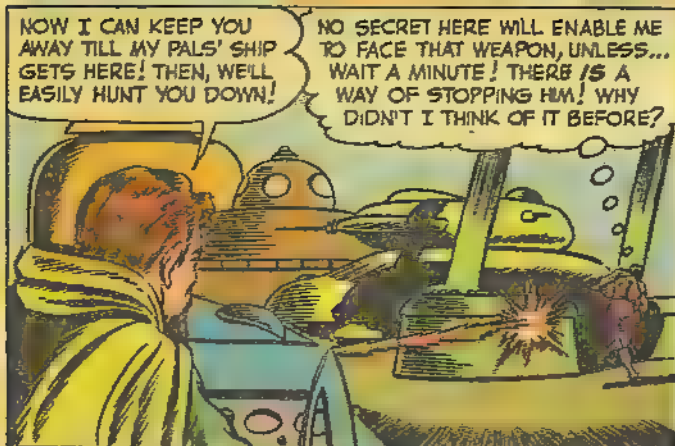
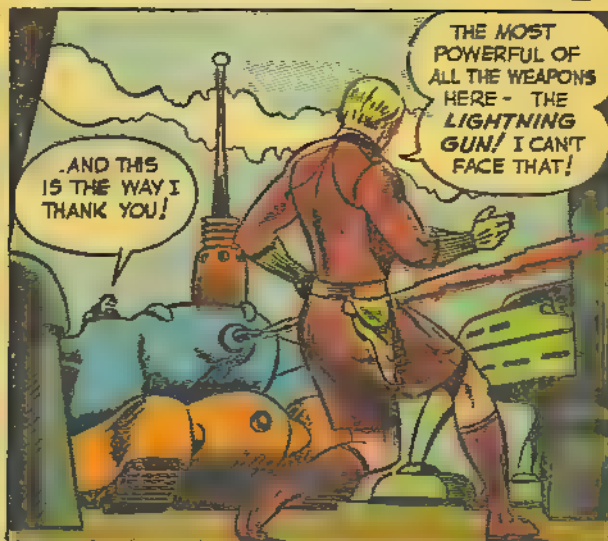
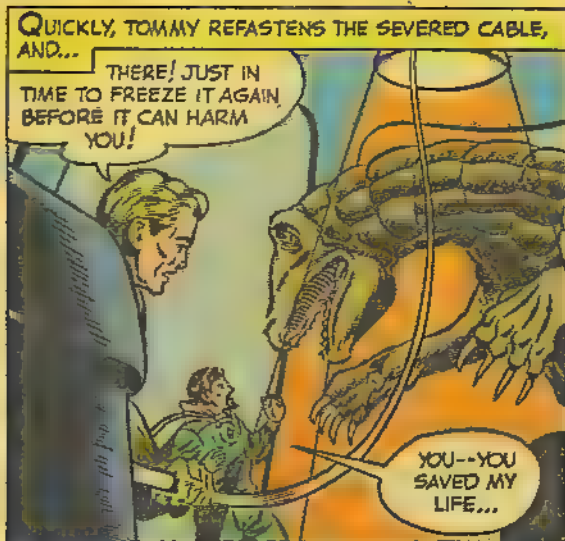


Then...

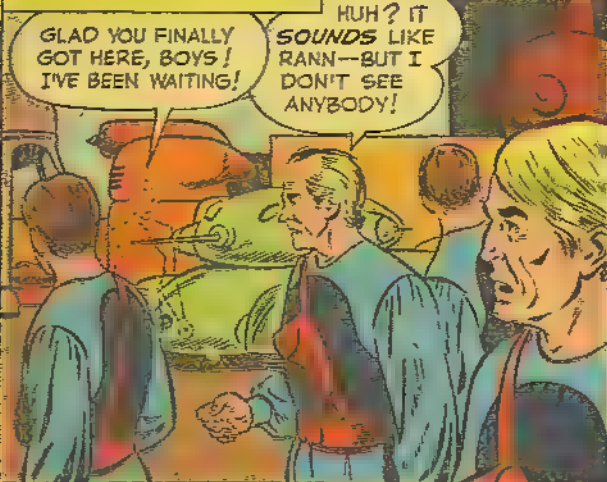
HELP! YOU'VE RELEASED THAT BEAST FROM HIS SUSPENDED ANIMATION! HE'LL DESTROY ME-- STOP HIM-- PLEASE!

MUST WORK FAST--OR THAT MONSTER WILL WRECK ALL OF PLANETOID X!





SWIFTLY HATCHING A STRATAGEM, TOMMY STARTS IMITATING RANN'S VOICE...



OF COURSE YOU DON'T-- BECAUSE I'M **INVISIBLE!** AMONG THE SECRETS HIDDEN HERE, I FOUND THE INVISIBILITY VIBRATION!

SAY--THAT'D MAKE US ALL INVINCIBLE! WHERE IS IT?



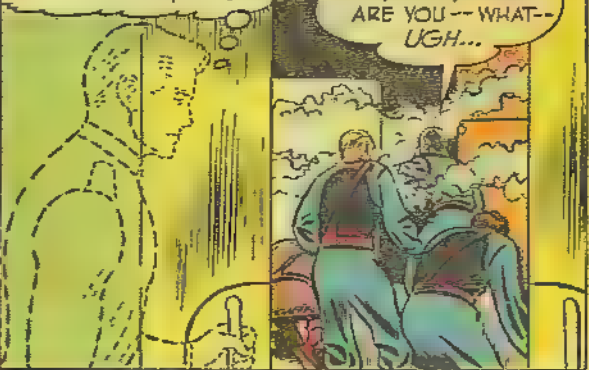
THE VIBRATION MACHINE IS LOCATED IN THE PLANETEERS' BASE! JUST FOLLOW MY VOICE!



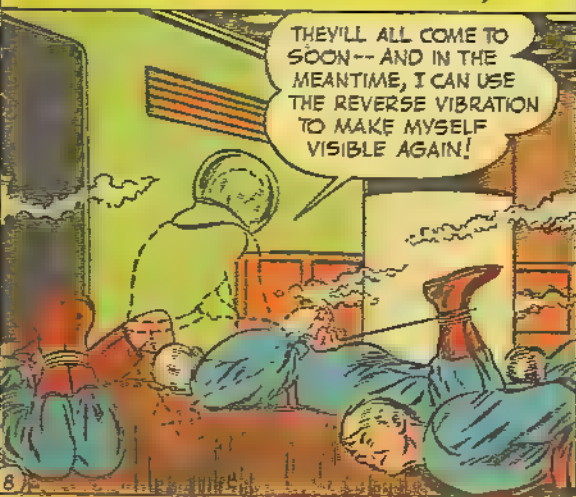
AS THE DECEIVED CROOKS ENTER THE BASE, THEIR INVISIBLE GUIDE STEPS SILENTLY ASIDE...

THE **KNOCKOUT GAS** IS STILL POTENT IN THERE... IT'LL HIT THEM, TOO!

HEY, RANN, WHERE ARE YOU-- WHAT-- UGH...

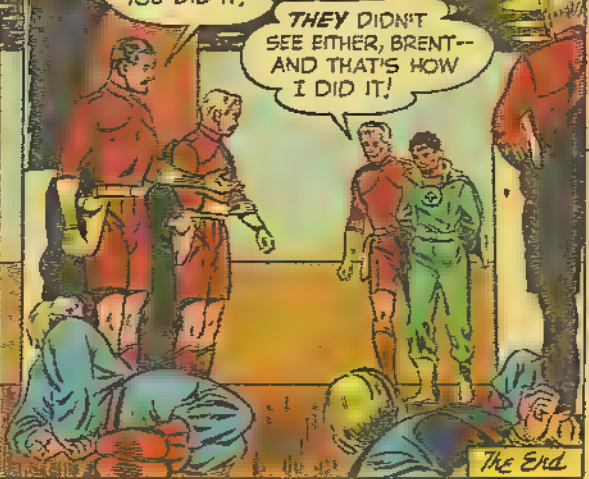


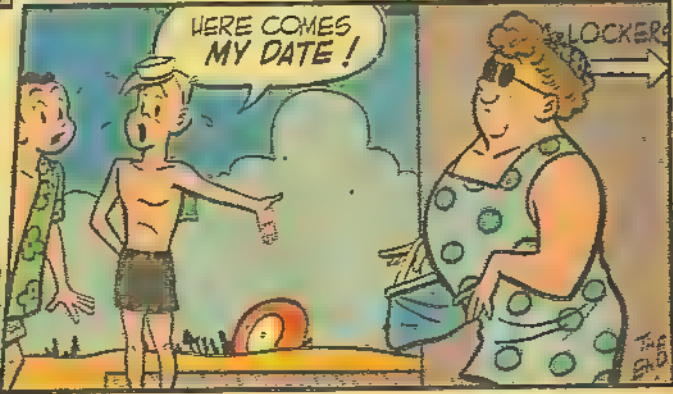
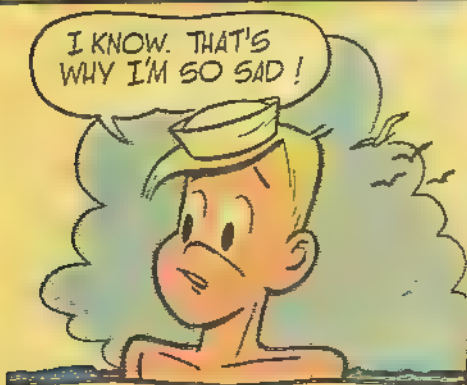
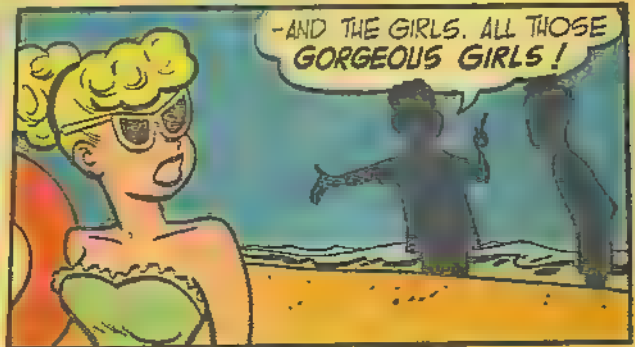
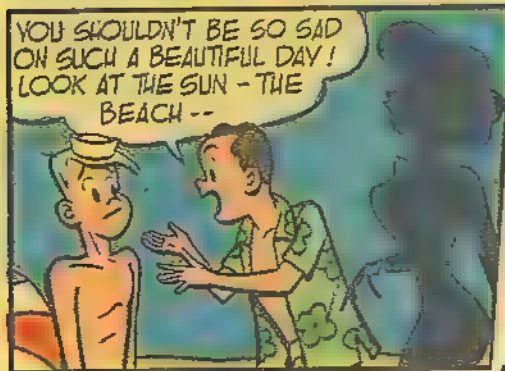
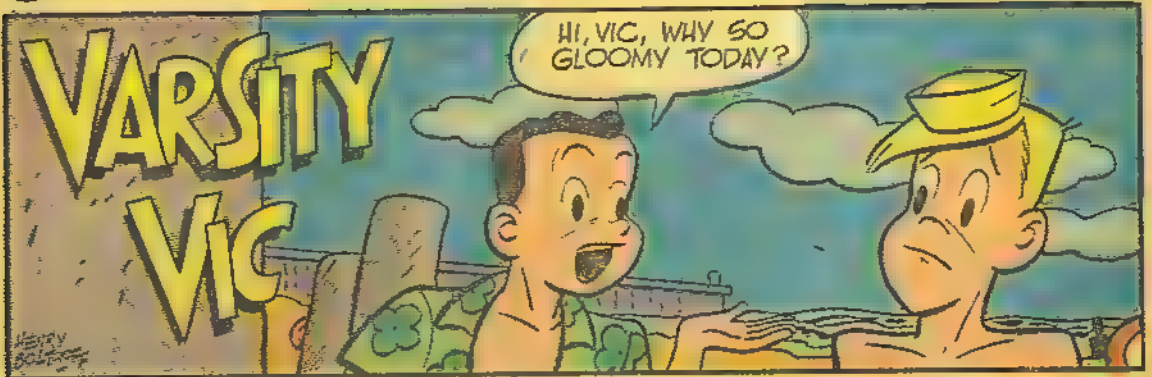
DONNING A HELMET TO PROTECT HIMSELF FROM THE GAS, TOMMY ENTERS A FEW MOMENTS LATER, AND...



SOON... TOMMY, YOU ROUNDED THEM ALL UP? I DON'T SEE HOW YOU DID IT!

THEY DIDN'T SEE EITHER, BRENT-- AND THAT'S HOW I DID IT!





ADVERTISEMENT

NEAT TREAT!

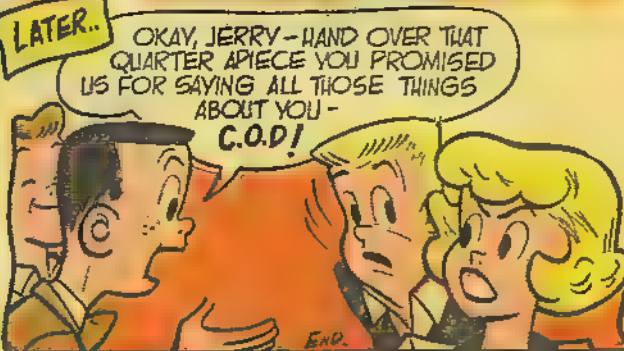
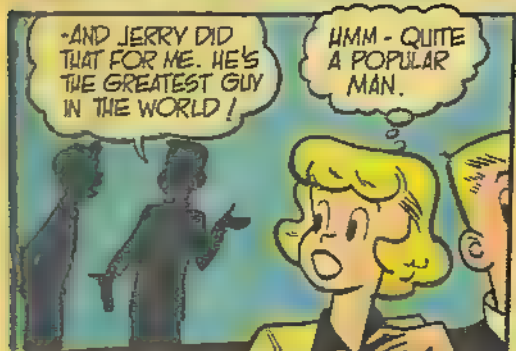
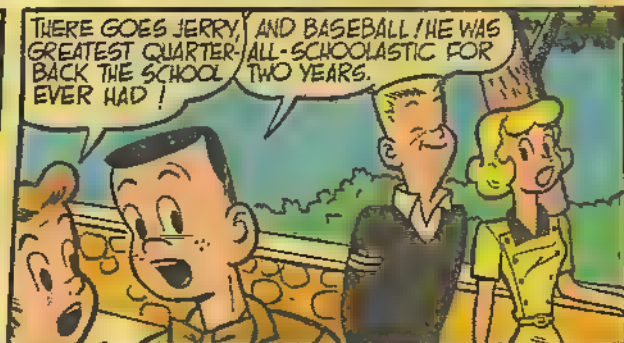
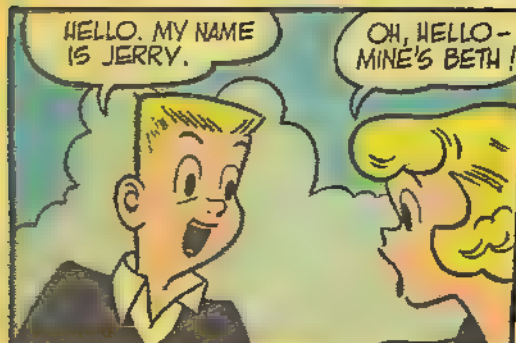
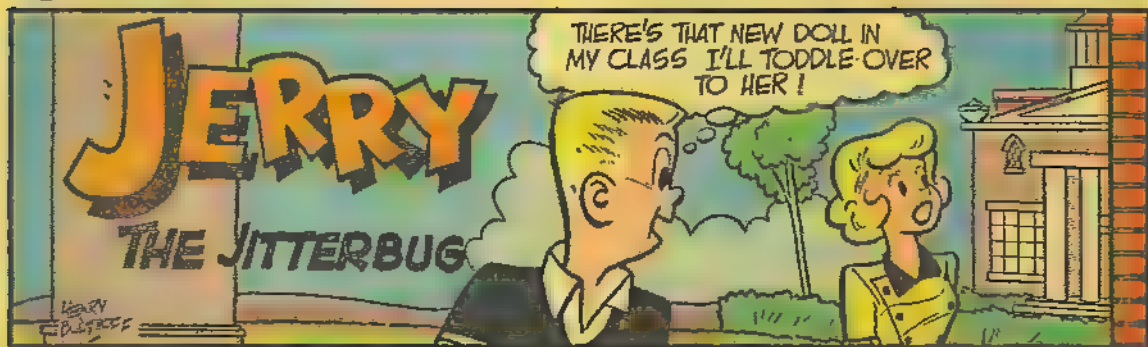
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SUPERMAN'S SECRET MESSAGE

(Code Uranus No. 6)

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c/o ACTION COMICS
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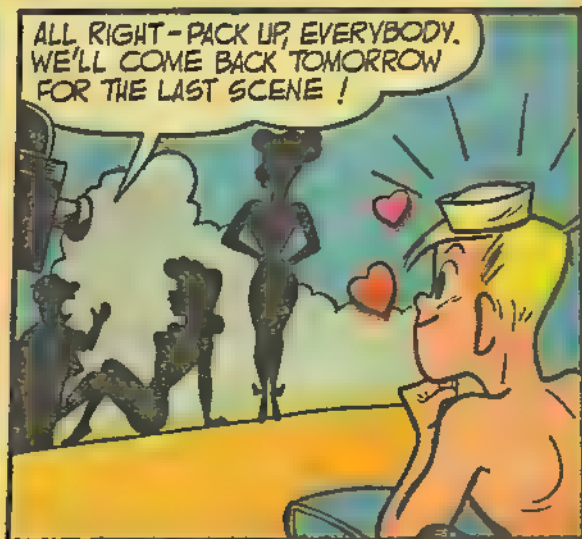
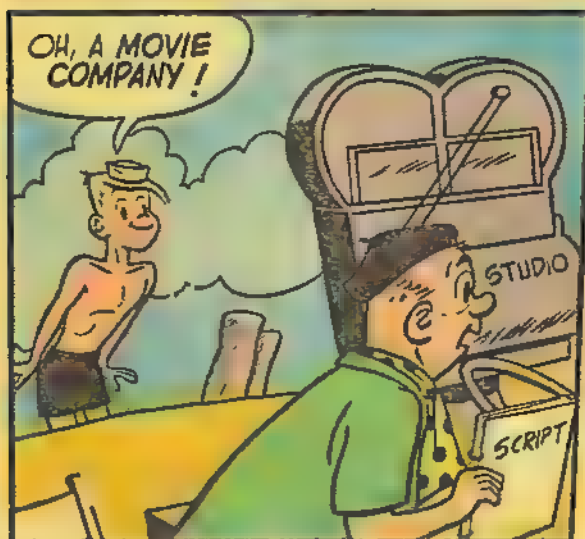
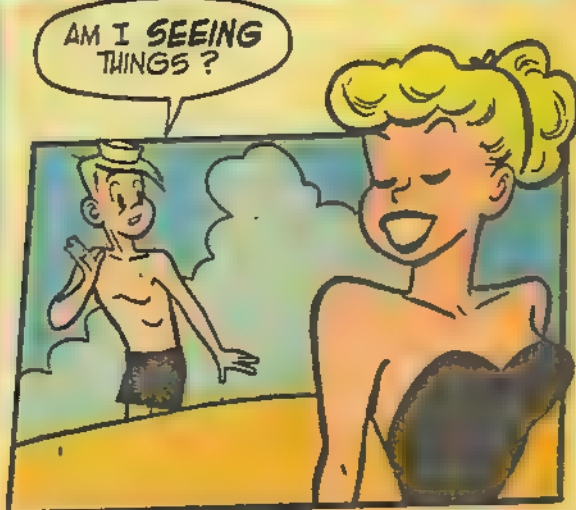
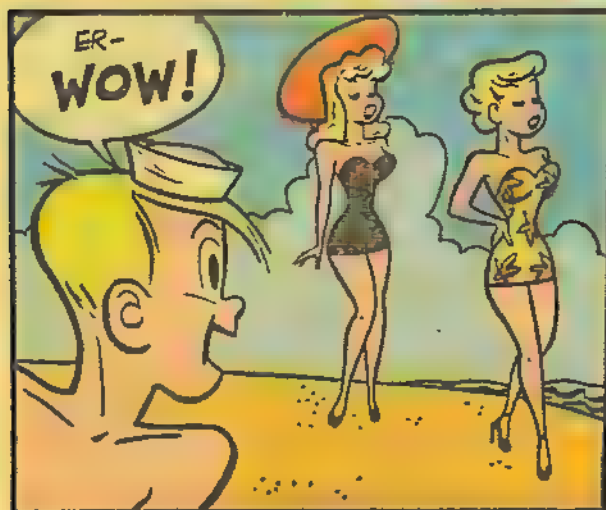
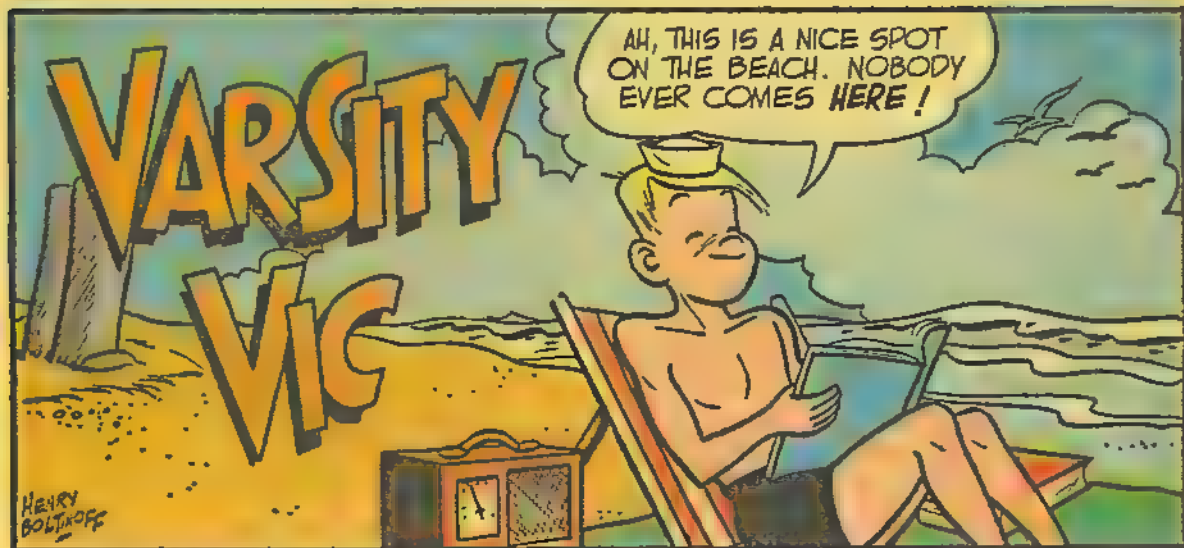
Dear Superman:

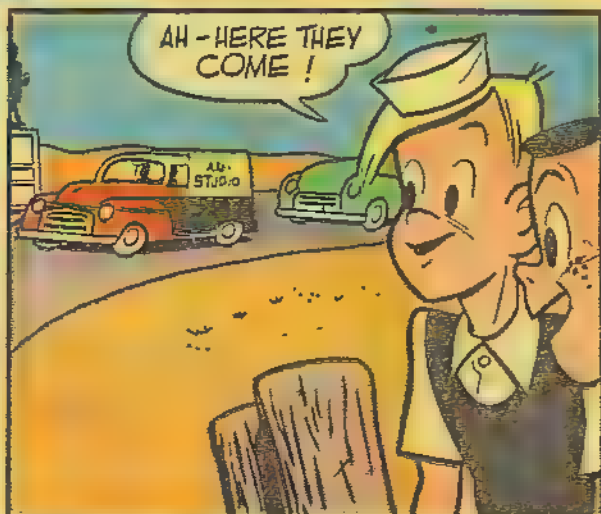
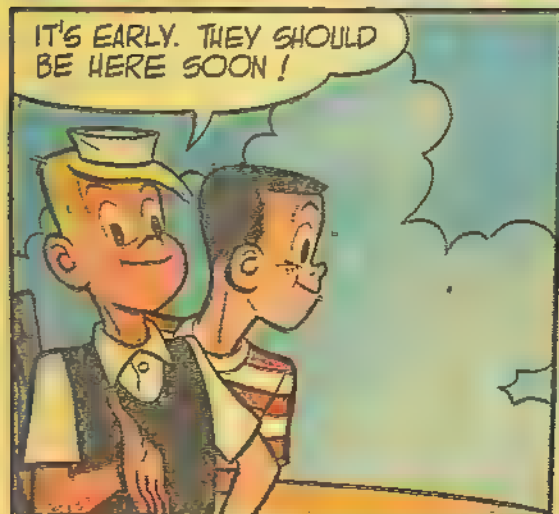
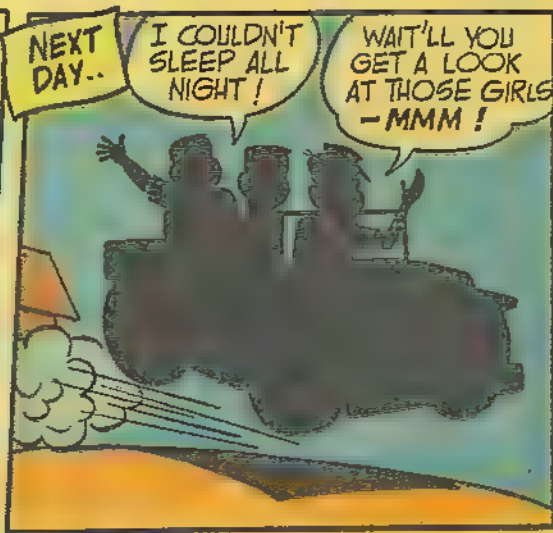
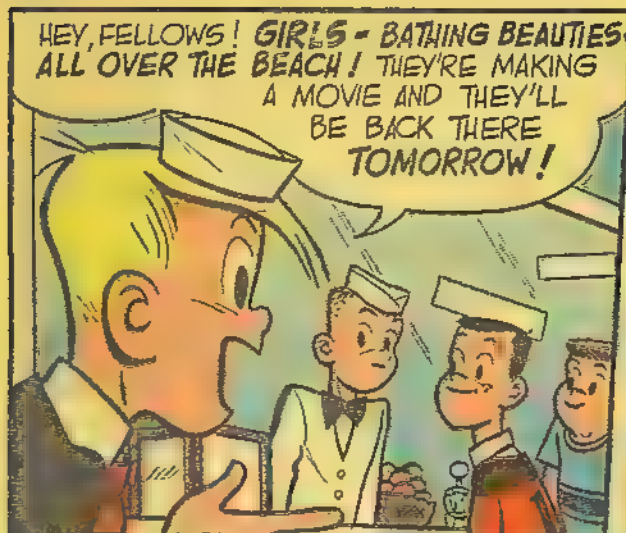
Please enroll me as a Member of the SUPERMEN of AMERICA. I enclose 10c to cover cost of mailing. It is understood that I am to receive my Membership Certificate, Emblem and Superman Code.

NAME..... AGE.....

STREET ADDRESS.....

CITY..... ZONE..... STATE.....





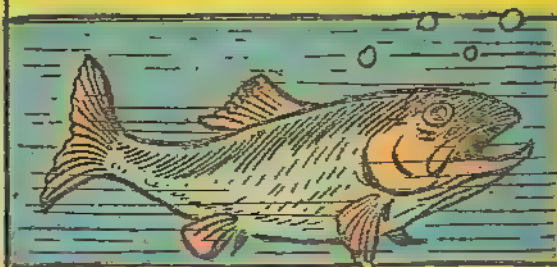
QUICK QUIZ

WHICH IS MORE FATTENING.....A POUND OF **SUGAR**..... OR A POUND OF **BUTTER**?



THE BUTTER! IT HAS ABOUT 3,300 CALORIES PER POUND... SUGAR HAS 1,800 CALORIES PER POUND!

WHAT IS THE **SMALLEST** FISH EATEN AS FOOD BY PEOPLE?



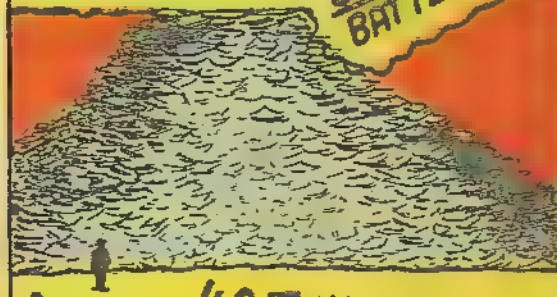
THE PANDAKA PYGMAEA! IT MEASURES BUT $\frac{1}{4}$ OF AN INCH IN LENGTH!

WHICH IS THE **LARGEST** FLYING BIRD IN THE WORLD?



THE CONDOR..... WITH A WING-SPREAD OF **11 FEET....** IS THE WORLD'S LARGEST FLYING BIRD!

HOW MANY BLUE-PRINTS ARE REQUIRED TO BUILD **ONE BATTLESHIP?**



AT LEAST **40 TONS** OF BLUE-PRINTS ARE NEEDED TO BUILD ONE BATTLESHIP!

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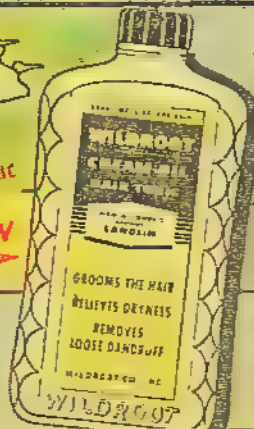
KEEP WOIKIN' ON YOUR WIIOLIN, WILLIE, WHILE FLUFFY AND I HAVE A SODA!



DONT GET MAD... GET WILDROOT



NON ALCOHOLIC
Contains
LANOLIN



I'LL FIX YOU... I'LL GET WILDROOT, TOO!

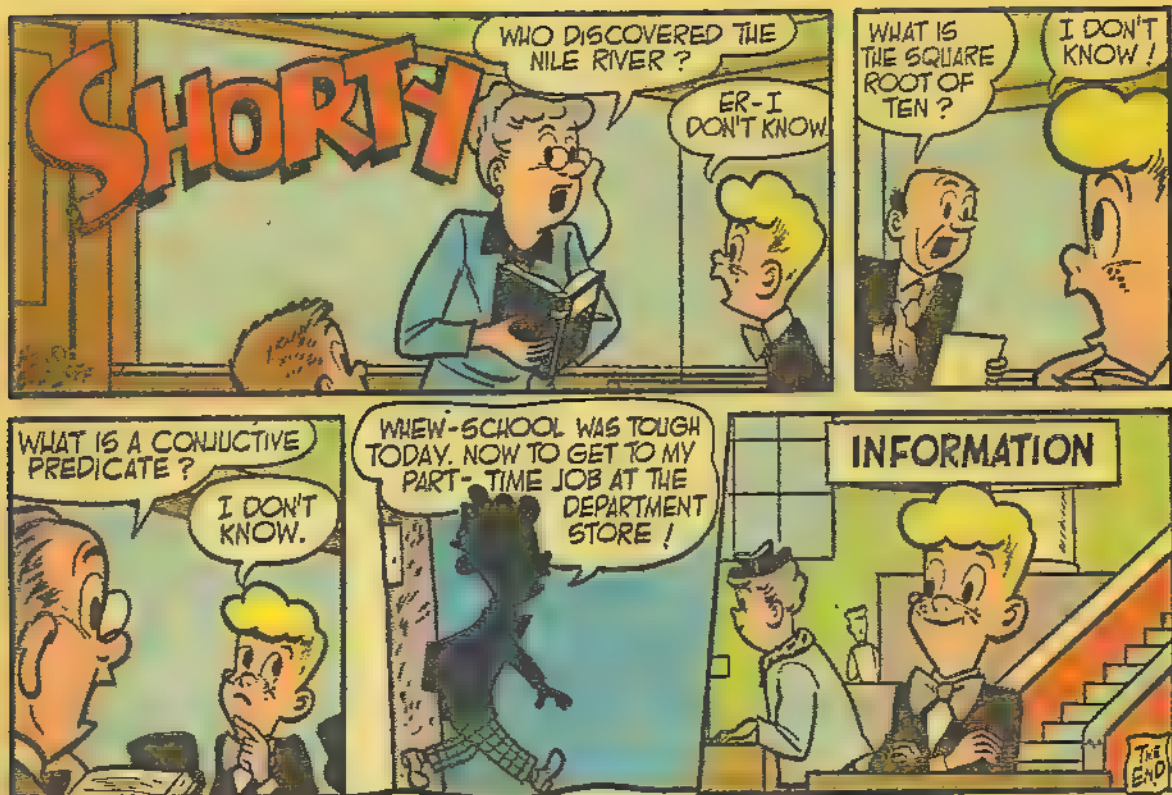


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VIGILANTE

WHEN IT COMES TO WINNING AUDIENCES WITH STIRRING FRONTIER BALLADS, THE HUSKY VOICE OF GREG SANDERS, THE PRAIRIE TROUBADOUR, PACKS A PUNCH THAT NEVER MISSES! BUT PROBLEMS INVOLVING THUNDERING SIX-GUNS AND LIGHTNING FISTS BELONG TO HIS OTHER SELF, THE VIVID, VOLCANIC *VIGILANTE*! SO, WHEN MURDER-MINDED OWLHOOTS UNKNOWINGLY SABOTAGE THIS ARRANGEMENT, HOPING TO MAKE THE SINGING COWBOY BETRAY THE MASKED LAWMAN, IT'S NO WONDER THAT THEY GET THE SHOCK OF THEIR LIVES, AS...

*"The PRAIRIE TROUBADOUR
TAKES OVER!"*



ONE EVENING, AS GREG SANDERS, THE PRAIRIE TROUBADOUR DISCUSSES AN OLD PROBLEM WITH HIS YOUNG PAL, STUFF...

WHY ARE FOLKS ALWAYS SO SURE A HOMBRE WHO'S CLEVER WITH HIS VOCAL CHORDS CAN'T ALSO BE HANDY WITH HIS DUKES, GREG?

ALL I KNOW, STUFF, IS THAT IT WORKS OUT FINE IN MY CASE! MAKES IT EASIER TO KEEP MY IDENTITY AS VIGILANTE A SECRET!

OLD FIGHTING WEST LIVES ON IN GREG SANDERS' SONGS AT MILD-MANNERED WESTERN CONTENT LEAVE VIOLENCE TO OTHERS.

JUST THEN...

OH, OH... SPEAKING OF THE VIG... THREE MASKED GENTS WITH GUNS ARE HEADING INTO THAT BANK ACROSS THE STREET!

WHAT? SKIP DOWNSTAIRS AND UNHITCH MY TIN CAYUSE, PARDNER, WHILE I PUT ON MY WORK CLOTHES!

A SWIFT CHANGE OF COSTUME, AND GREG EMERGES, SECONDS LATER, AS THE VIGILANTE, FEARLESS, MASKED DEFENDER OF LAW AND ORDER...

THEY'RE COMING OUT WITH THEIR LOOT! I'LL TAKE THE REINS, FELLA!

CAREFUL, VIG... TH'S STREET'S FRESHLY TARRED!

HOW ABOUT A LITTLE TAR BATH, BOYS?

YIIII! THE VIGILANTE! WHY DON'T YUH FIGHT PROPER-- WITH GUNS AN' KNIVES?

VIG! ONE OF THE OWLHOOTS IS GETTING AWAY!

LET HIM GO, STUFF! IT'S TOO DARK TO CHASE AFTER HIM NOW... BES DES, WE'VE SAVED THE LOOT... AND THESE TWO SHOULD BE ABLE TO HELP US FIND HIM, WHEN WE GET THEM IN THE CALABOOSE!

MAN A REASON WE COULDN'T TAKE AFTER THAT THIRD HOMBRE, PARDNER, IS BECAUSE THE PRAIRIE TROUBADOUR HAS TO GO ON THE AIR IN ABOUT FIVE MINUTES! I COULDN'T SAY THAT WHILE THESE TWO WERE AWAKE!

THAT'S WHAT I FIGURED, VIG... WE'D BETTER HURRY, OR WE'LL BE LATE FOR THE BROADCAST!

PRESENTLY, IN THE 'REAL ESTATE' OFFICE OF ART GRAVIN, UNDER-
COVER OUTLAW CHIEF...

...AND THAT'S THE NEWS!
TIME NOW FOR THE
PRAIRIE TROUBADOUR...

BOSS! THE *VIGILANTE* GOT LEFTY
AN' ARKANSAS! HE--HE...

YEAH, I
JUST HEARD IT ON THE
RADIO! YUH SHORE NO-
BODY SAW YUH COME
HERE, SNOOKER?

WE GOT TO SPRING
THOSE BOYS, 'FORE THEY
INVOLVE ME--WHICH
MEANS I GOT TO KEEP
THE *VIGILANTE* FROM
TESTIFYIN'! HUM--STOPPIN'
A AVALANCHE WOULD
BE EASIER!

TOO BAD YUH
AIN'T DEALIN'
WITH A LILY-
FINGERED DRUG-
STORE COWBOY,
LIKE THAT RADIO
CROONER!

EVENING, FOLKS...THIS
IS GREG SANDERS, YOUR
PRAIRIE TROUBADOUR...
LET ME RIDE THE TRAIL TO--
NIGHT, WHILE THE MOON IS
SHINING BRIGHT...♪

SAY--THAT'S NOT A BAD IDEA!
SANDERS IS A CLOSE FRIEND OF
THE *VIGILANTE*--AN' EVERY
FISHERMAN KNOWS LITTLE
FELLERS MAKE THE BEST BAIT
FOR THE BIG ONES! WAIT FOR
ME AT THE HIDEOUT,
SNOOKER--
AN' CLEAN
YOURSELF UP!
THAT TAR'S
A DEAD
GIVEAWAY!

OKAY, GRAVIN...
ONLY DON'T
TAKE NO
CHANCES
WITH THE
VIGILANTE...
PLEASE!

LATER, AT THE STUDIO, AS GREG'S PROGRAM ENDS...

A GENT NAMED ART GRAVIN
PHONED WHILE YOU WERE
SINGING, GREG! SAID IT
WAS IMPORTANT YOU CALL
AT HIS OFFICE ON
MAIN STREET RIGHT
AWAY!

NEVER HEARD OF HIM, STUFF!
COULD BE JUST ANOTHER
CELEBRITY HUNTER--BUT WE
MIGHT AS WELL
FIND OUT!

SOON... STUDIO MANAGER
SAID GRAVIN'S
CLEANING UP BIG IN REAL
ESTATE AND M.NING
PROMOTIONS!

HE SHOULD ALSO
CLEAN UP THE WALK
TO HIS OFFICE! LOOK
AT THOSE BLACK,
STICKY FOOTPRINTS!

ART GRAVIN
LAND AGENT

GRAVIN? I'M GREG
SANDERS, AND THIS
IS MY FRIEND,
STUFF!

THANKS FOR COMIN'! I'M A
GREAT ADM.RER OF YORE
SINGIN', SANDERS, AN' OF YORE
FRIEND, THE *VIGILANTE*!
HAPPENS ONE O' THE
BANK ROBBERS HE
CAUGHT THIS EVENIN'
WAS LEFTY LIGGETT,
MY SECOND COUSIN!

NOW, LEFTY'S BAD! SHOULD'VE BEEN LOCKED UP LONG AGO, ALONG WITH THE OTHER OWLHOOTS INFESTIN' THESE PARTS! BUT TONIGHT, I GOT A ANONYMOUS PHONE CALL ASKIN' ME TO PUT UP CASH TO DEFEND HIM AN' HIS PAL!

ARE YOU GOING TO DO IT?

NO! I'M AIMIN' TO HELP CATCH THE BANDIT THAT GOT AWAY! WHOEVER PHONED SAID SOMEBODY WOULD MEET ME AT MIDNIGHT, AT MORGAN'S MILL, AN' GUIDE ME WHERE WE COULD TALK PRIVATE--LIKELY TO A BANDIT HIDEOUT!

AND YOU WANT ME TO TIP OFF THE VIGILANTE AND RAID THE PLACE, EH? SOUNDS REASONABLE, GRAVIN... I'LL DO IT!

AND AS GREG AND STUFF DEPART...

MAYBE, STUFF...

THAT'S A BREAK! TOO BAD MORE PEOPLE DON'T FEEL LIKE GRAVIN DOES ABOUT SEEIN' JUSTICE DONE!

MAYBE NOT! WHILE WE WERE IN HIS OFFICE, I NOTICED SPOTCHESES LIKE THESE ON THE STAIRS! THEY'RE TAR--AND THE BANDIT WHO GOT AWAY FROM ME ROLLED IN THAT FRESHLY-TARRED STREET, JUST LIKE THE OTHERS!

AT MIDNIGHT, A CAR CARRYING GRAVIN AND ANOTHER IS TRAILED TO A LONELY GULLEY BY A MUFFLED, UNLIT MOTOR-CYCLE...

IT'S AN OWLHOOT ROOST, ALL RIGHT! HONEST HOMBRES WOULDN'T HAVE ANY USE FOR A SHACK HIDDEN IN A PLACE LIKE THIS!

STAY WITH THE BIKE, STUFF, AND WATCH FOR THE SIGNAL GRAVIN SAID HE'D GIVE! I'LL GET SET FOR THE SURPRISE ATTACK!

WHILE INSIDE THE SHACK...

READY? WHEN I OPEN THE DOOR A CRACK, AN' TOSS MY CIGAR OUT, HE'LL COME IN A RUSH! TRIGGER THEM IRONS FAST--AN' SHOOT STRAIGHT!

ABRUPTLY...

GIVE IT TO HIM, PINTO! I'VE EMPTIED MY GUN!

HE'S GITTIN' EVERY SLUG I GOT IN MINE, TOO!

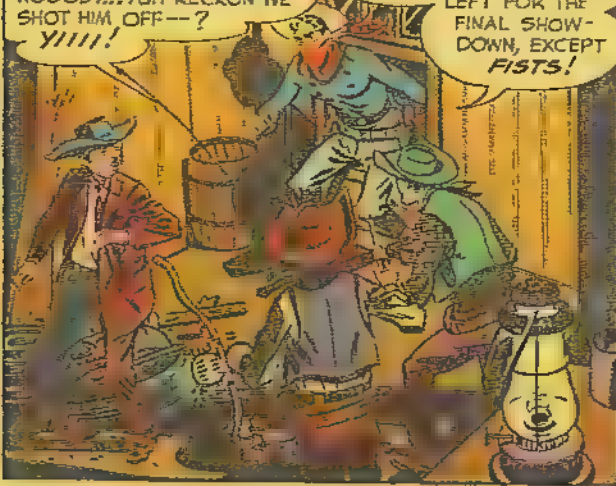
BUT IN THE NEXT INSTANT...

NOBODY...YUH RECKON WE SHOT HIM OFF--?
YIIII!

TSK! TSK! ALL THAT LEAD WASTED, AND NOTHING LEFT FOR THE FINAL SHOW-DOWN, EXCEPT **FISTS!**

THING IS, I HAPPEN TO **LIKE FISTS**--AS LONG AS DESERVING FOLKS ARE AT THE RECEIVING END OF 'EM!

IF HE DOESN'T SUSPECT ME ALREADY, THIS'LL LIKELY START HIM--BUT I GOT TO TAKE THE CHANCE!



WHAT? WHO KNOCKED OVER THAT LAMP?

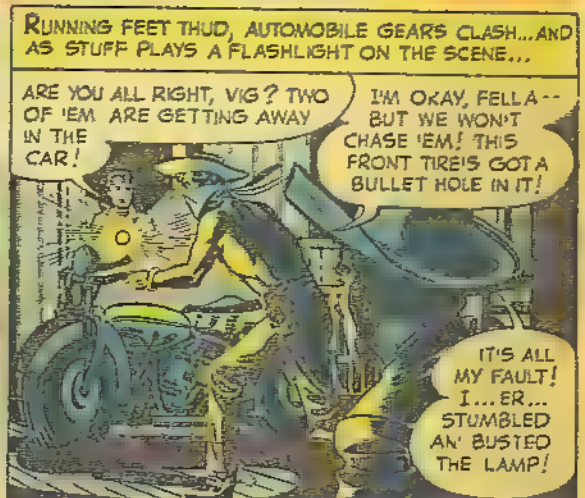
LEMME OUT!

RUNNING FEET THUD, AUTOMOBILE GEARS CLASH...AND AS STUFF PLAYS A FLASHLIGHT ON THE SCENE...

ARE YOU ALL RIGHT, VIG? TWO OF 'EM ARE GETTING AWAY IN THE CAR!

I'M OKAY, FELLA-- BUT WE WON'T CHASE 'EM! THIS FRONT TIRE'S GOT A BULLET HOLE IN IT!

IT'S ALL MY FAULT! I...ER... STUMBLED AN' BUSTED THE LAMP!



LATER, AS THE **VIGILANTE** AND HIS PARTNER RETURN TO TOWN...

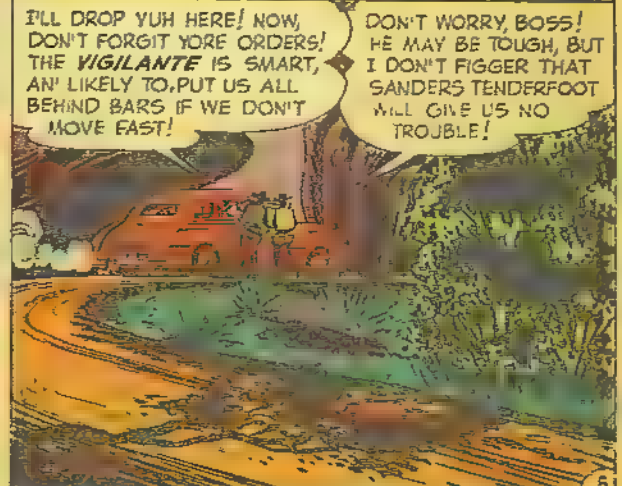
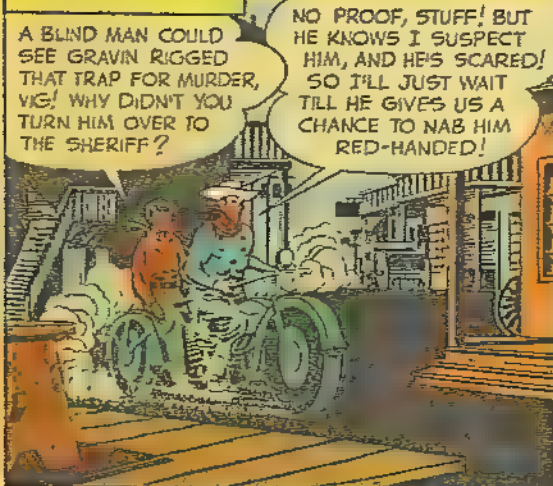
A BLIND MAN COULD SEE GRAVIN RIGGED THAT TRAP FOR MURDER, VIG! WHY DIDN'T YOU TURN HIM OVER TO THE SHERIFF?

NO PROOF, STUFF! BUT HE KNOWS I SUSPECT HIM, AND HE'S SCARED! SO I'LL JUST WAIT TILL HE GIVES US A CHANCE TO NAB HIM RED-HANDED!

MEANWHILE, AT A LONELY POINT IN THE TRAIL...

I'LL DROP YUH HERE! NOW, DON'T FORGIT YORE ORDERS! THE **VIGILANTE** IS SMART, AN' LIKELY TO PUT US ALL BEHIND BARS IF WE DON'T MOVE FAST!

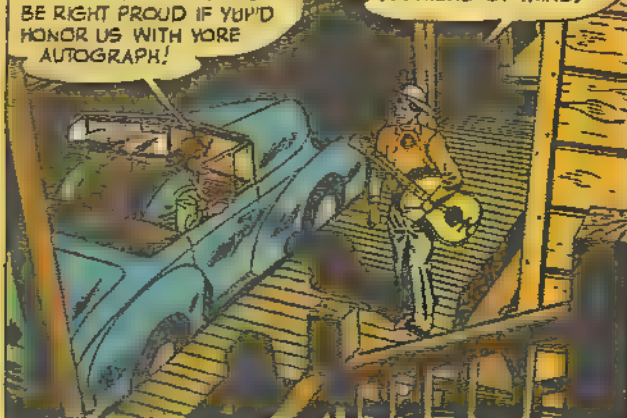
DON'T WORRY, BOSS! HE MAY BE TOUGH, BUT I DON'T FIGGER THAT SANDERS TENDERFOOT WILL GIVE US NO TROUBLE!



NEXT DAY, AS GREG LEAVES THE STUDIO AFTER REHEARSAL...

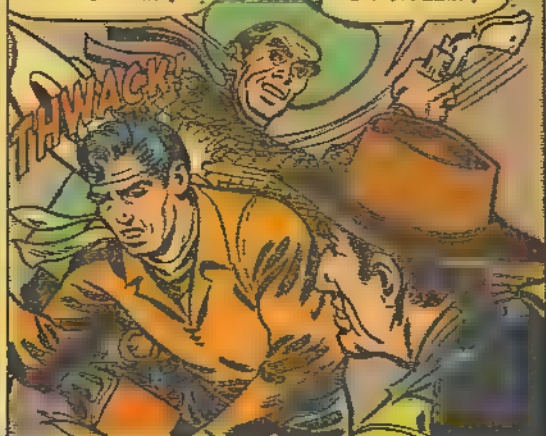
EXCUSE US PRAIRIE TROUBADO. . . -BUT WE AN' MY PARDNER HERE'D BE RIGHT PROUD IF YU'D HONOR US WITH YORE AUTOGRAPH!

BE GLAD TO! ANY ADMIRER OF THE PRAIRIE TROUBADOUR IS A FRIEND OF MINE!



HAW! HE'S SUCH A CHUMP, I FEEL ALMOST ASHAMED TO SLUG HIM!

HURRY AN' DRAG HIM INTO THE CAR 'FORE SOMEBODY SEES, PINTO! WE GOT TO GIT ROLLIN'!



SOON AFTER, IN A HIDDEN CAVE, WHEN GREG REGAINS CONSCIOUSNESS...

SIT DOWN AN' WRITE A NOTE FOR THE KID, STUFF, TO SHOW TO THE VIGILANTE! WARN 'EM NOT TO TELL ANYBODY YUH'RE MISSIN'!

THEY WON'T HAVE TO TELL! WHEN I MISS MY PROGRAM, MY MANAGER WILL HAVE THE SHERIFF, THE STATE RANGERS AND G-MEN HUNTING FOR ME!



HMM...COULD BE! BUT IF YUH WRITE YORE MANAGER YUH'RE OKAY, HE COULD USE ONE O' THEM "CANNED" PROGRAMS I HEARD ABOUT, COULDN'T HE?

NOT UNLESS I SANG THE PROGRAM INTO A RECORDING MACHINE FIRST! AND, IT'S A CINCH YOU HAVEN'T GOT ANYTHING LIKE A TAPE OR WIRE RECORDER HERE!



WELL, WE'RE GOING TO GIT ONE O' THEM MACHINES RIGHT QUICK, SMART GUY-- AN' YUH'RE GOIN' TO SING RIGHT HERE! HOW D'YUH LIKE THAT?

JUST WHAT I WAS HOPING FOR-- BUT I CAN'T LET THEM KNOW IT! I'LL HAVE TO PRETEND THEY OUT-GUESSED ME!



AND SO, PRESENTLY, WHEN THE OUTLAWS RETURN WITH A RECORDER...

SINGING ALL THE WAY TO MY HOME IN SANTA FE...♪

AN' NO TRICKS!

HUSH UP, STUPID! YUH WANT YORE VOICE RECORDED ALONG WITH HIS?



AWHILE LATER, BACK IN TOWN, AS STUFF RECEIVES A MESSAGE FROM HIS MISSING PAL...

IT'S GREG'S HANDWRITING ALL RIGHT! BUT IT DOESN'T TELL ME A THING, EXCEPT THAT SOMETHING'S WRONG! NATURALLY HE DOESN'T EXPECT ME TO SEND VIG ANYWHERE!

DEAR STUFF:
DON'T TELL A SOUL--BUT FIND THE VIGILANTE AND TELL HIM TO COME **ALONE**, RIGHT AFTER MY PROGRAM TONIGHT, TO WHERE HE WAS LAST NIGHT, IF HE WANTS TO SAVE MY LIFE.
GREG



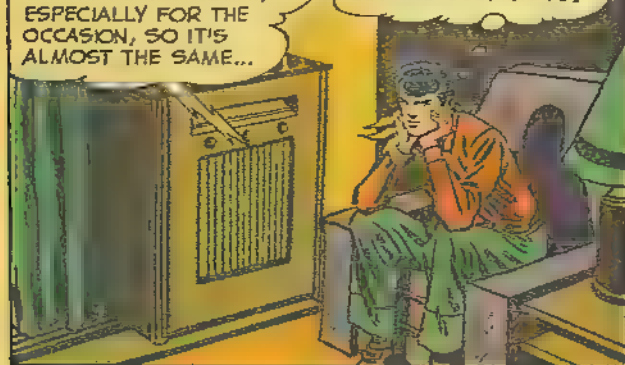
BUT DOES HE REALLY WANT ME TO KEEP QUIET? OR SHOULD I GO TO THE SHERIFF? HAMM... SEEMS HE INTENDS TO BE ON THE AIR TONIGHT! I'D BETTER WAIT FOR HIS PROGRAM, JUST IN CASE!



THAT EVENING, AT PRAIRIE TROUBADOUR TIME...

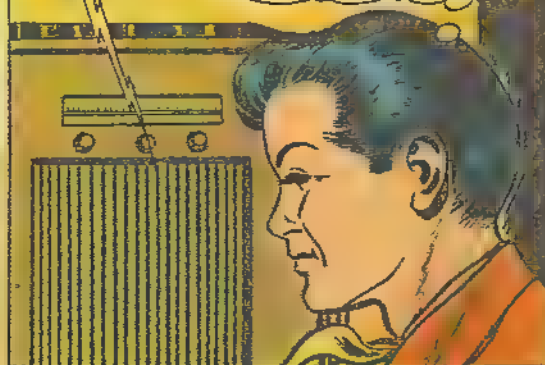
HOWDY, FOLKS! SORRY AN ACCIDENT PREVENTS MY SINGING STRAIGHT THROUGH THE MIKE TO YOU ALL! BUT I **RECORDED** THIS PROGRAM TODAY, ESPECIALLY FOR THE OCCASION, SO IT'S ALMOST THE SAME...

THOSE BADHATS HAVE GOT HIM, ALL RIGHT! SMART OF 'EM TO MAKE HIM RECORD HIS SONGS TO KEEP PEOPLE FROM GETTING SUSPICIOUS!



BURY ME NOT ON THE LONE PRAIR-EE...

SAME OLD COWBOY BALLADS, LIKE ALWAYS! NOT A CLUE IN A CARLOAD OF 'EM--AND NO TELLING WHAT THEY'RE DOING TO HIM, WHILE I SIT HERE TWIDDLING MY THUMBS!



PARDNER, I MISS YOU. SLEEPLESS I LIE ALL THE NIGHT LONG SINCE WE SAID GOOD-BYE...

I'LL CALL THE SHERIFF NOW...BUT WAIT--**THAT'S** NO OLD BALLAD! SOUNDS LIKE A NEW ONE HE JUST MADE UP--AND COULD BE THE "PARDNER" HE MEANS IS **ME!**



DEEP IN THE VALLEY, DARK IS THE CELL, WHERE, LIKE A HERMIT, LONESOME I DWELL! HERE THE OWL MOANING, MOURNFUL AND BLUE? THAT'S HOW I'M CRYING, PARDNER, FOR YOU!

THAT'S ALL I NEED! THE "VALLEY" MUST BE THE GULLEY WHERE THAT HIDEOUT SHACK IS! LIKELY THE OUTLAWS WILL BE LOOKING FOR THE VIG AFTER THE PROGRAM, BUT NO TELLING HOW LONG THEY'LL WAIT--SO I'D BETTER HURRY!



HIRING A FAST HORSE, STUFF RACES TO A POINT NEAR THE HIDEOUT SHACK...

I'LL LEAVE THE BRONC HERE, SNEAK PAST THAT SHACK INTO THE GULLEY, AND LOOK FOR A "DARK CELL"--- WHICH CAN'T BE ANYTHING ELSE BUT A CAVE!



THIS IS THE DEEPEST PART OF THE GULLEY! HAVEN'T HEARD AN 'OWL MOANING' THOUGH! MAYBE I SHOULD LEAD OFF!

WHOO-OO?
WHOO-OO?



WHILE ONLY A FEW YARDS AWAY, IN THE HIDDEN CAVE...

WHOO-OO?
WHOO-OO?

I'D COUNTED ON BEING TIED UP WHILE THOSE COYOTES WAITED FOR VIG-- BUT NOT ON BEING GAGGED, TOO! IF THAT'S STUFF HOOTING, HOW CAN I ANSWER?... OH, OH-- A REAL OWL, SCARED IN HERE BY SOMETHING!



DESPERATELY, GREG WRIGGLES AND THRASHES IN HIS BONDS, TRYING TO STARTLE THE OWL INTO HOOTING! AND FINALLY...

MFFF! MFFF!

WHOO-OO-OO?

GO ON, WISE GUY-- SAY SOMETHING! SPEAK UP!... THAT'S IT!



OUTSIDE THE CAVE...

WHOO-OO-OO?
WHOO-OO-OO?

THERE'S THE SIGNAL, COMING FROM THESE BUSHES... YIPE! A REAL OWL! CAME CLOSE TO KNOCKING ME-- OOPS!

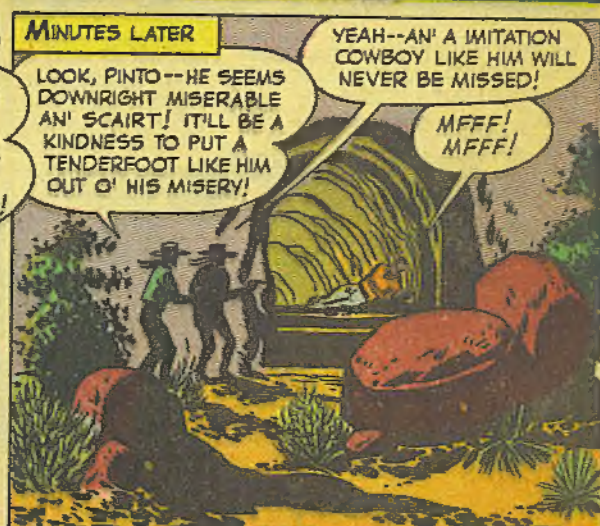
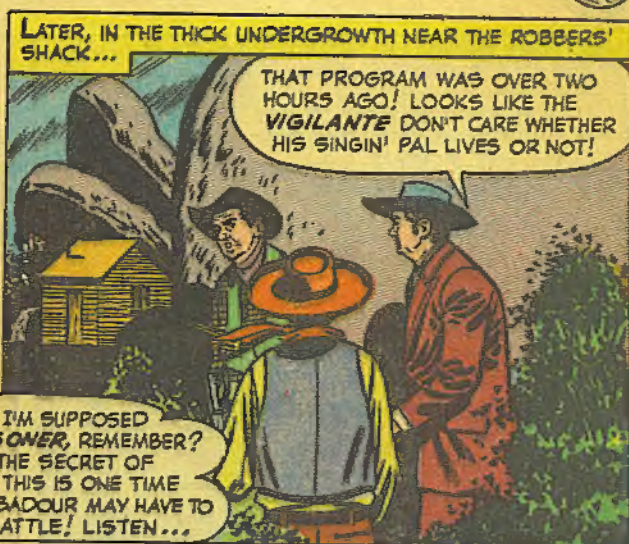


FALSE ALARM! I MISTOOK A REAL OWL FOR A PHONY! FOR ALL I KNOW, I COULD BE MILES FROM WHERE I SHOULD BE! HMM... A LIGHT--AND THIS LOOKS LIKE A CAVE, AND...

MFFF!
MFFF!

GREG!
IT'S YOU!





AND WHEN GRAVIN, KEEPING WATCH NEAR THE SHACK,
TURNS AT A SOUND BEHIND HIM...

THAT YOU, SNOOKER? PINTO? DID
YUH SALVATE THE KIWOODLIN' CHUMP?
...OH, MY GOSH!

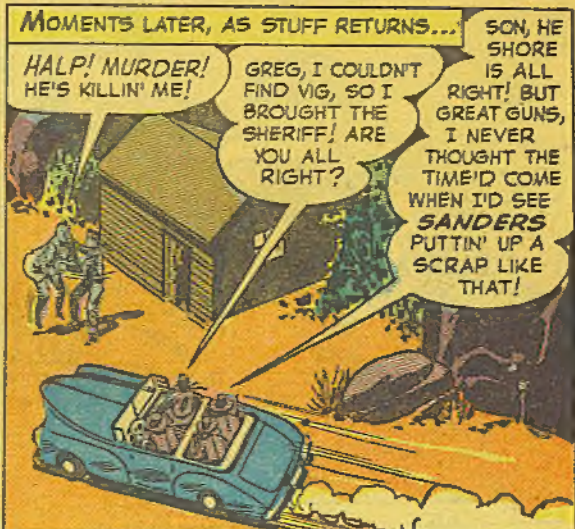


MOMENTS LATER, AS STUFF RETURNS...

HALP! MURDER!
HE'S KILLIN' ME!

GREG, I COULDN'T
FIND VIG, SO I
BROUGHT THE
SHERIFF! ARE
YOU ALL
RIGHT?

SON, HE
SHORE
IS ALL
RIGHT! BUT
GREAT GUNS,
I NEVER
THOUGHT THE
TIME'D COME
WHEN I'D SEE
SANDERS
PUTTIN' UP A
SCRAP LIKE
THAT!



AWRIGHT, TAKE IT EASY, SANDERS!
HE'S WHIPPED...YUH'VE KNOCKED
HIM COLD! BUT WHERE'S HIS
PALS?

LET ME AT HIM! WHAT'S
THAT?...HIS PALS? OH,
YES--I LEFT THEM TIED
UP IN THE CAVE, AFTER
TAKING THEIR GUNS...

...BUT--BUT WHAT AM I
SAYING? I MUST'VE
BEEN CRAZY!
OH-H-H-H...

DOGGONE--
HE'S FAINTED,
TOO!



LATER, ON THE WAY TO THE CALABOOSE...

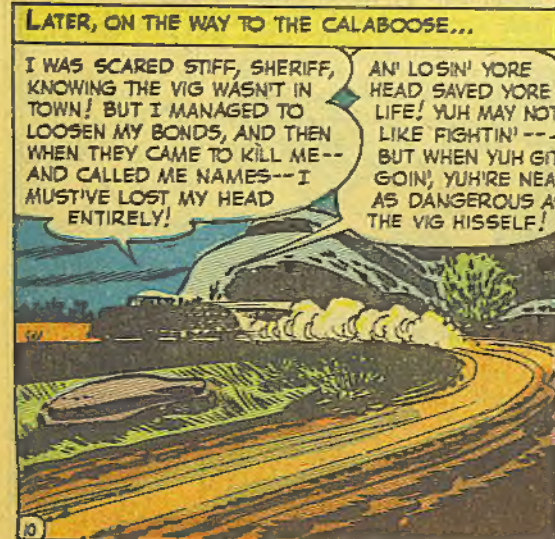
I WAS SCARED STIFF, SHERIFF,
KNOWING THE VIG WASN'T IN
TOWN! BUT I MANAGED TO
LOOSEN MY BONDS, AND THEN
WHEN THEY CAME TO KILL ME--
AND CALLED ME NAMES--I
MUST'VE LOST MY HEAD
ENTIRELY!

AN' LOSIN' YORE
HEAD SAVED YORE
LIFE! YUH MAY NOT
LIKE FIGHTIN'--
BUT WHEN YUH GIT
GOIN', YUH'RE NEAR
AS DANGEROUS AS
THE VIG HISSELF!

NEXT DAY, IN THE SHERIFF'S OFFICE...

TOO BAD YUH
HAD TO BE
OUT O' TOWN,
AN' COULDN'T
BE THERE,
VIG!

MUST'VE BEEN QUITE A SHOW! BUT I'M
NOT SURPRISED! BESIDES BEING
DESPERATE, POOR SANDERS HAD A BIG
ADVANTAGE--BECAUSE WHEN HE
STARTED SWINGING, THE OWLHOOTS
MUST'VE BEEN TOO FLABBERGASTED
TO FIGHT BACK!



Tune In With The Times...in

**THOM
McAN'S**

JUKE-TOWER

GRAB YOUR PARTNER,
JUMP WITH JOY,
MY LIGHT-FOOTED,
RUGGED "LOAFER"-BOY!

JUST SEE HOW SNUG
A SHOE CAN FEEL,
WHEN 'SPECIALLY MADE
TO HUG YOUR HEEL!

THE STORM-WELT
KEEPS YOU DRY AND WARM,
HELPS YOUR "JUKE-TIMERS"
HOLD THEIR FORM!

ADD RICH CHOCOLATE-COLOR
TO ALL THE REST,
AND YOU'RE ALL DOLLED-UP
IN YOUR "SUNDAE"-BEST!

WITH TOE-STYLE SQUARE,
THERE'S ROOM TO SPARE,
AND THERE'S DOUBLE-STITCHING
FOR LOTS O' WEAR!

I DON'T SEE
HOW THEY MAKE 'EM
FOR THE MONEY!

At last! A pleasure shoe that combines comfort and good looks — with plenty of built-in plusses for longer wear. Thom McAn's JUKE-TIMER is the perfect all-purpose shoe . . . and it's all yours for only **\$7.95***

**The JUKE-TIMER is just one of more than
150 different styles at**

Thom McAn

AMERICA'S NO. 1 SHOE

554 STORES IN 343 CITIES

*Prices subject to change without notice